

DECEMBER 3, 1979

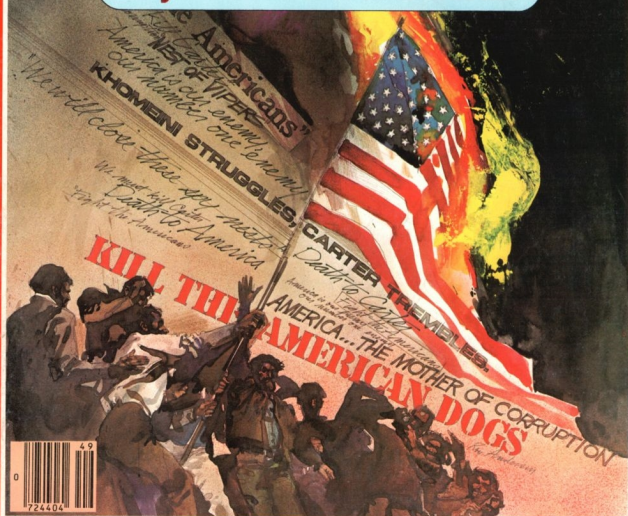
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A Heartbreak
Hit

TIME

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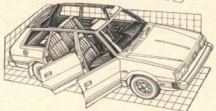
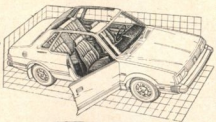
EST. MPG
(CITY)*

46

EST.
HWY.*

OUR ENGINE IS DESIGNED TO HELP OUR CAR HANDLE BETTER.

The horizontally opposed, aluminum Subaru engine lies low and flat with its weight positioned evenly over the front wheels. Coupled with Subaru front-wheel drive, this results in superior road holding on hills and curves. Even in snowy, slippery weather.



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four-wheel independent suspension that gives Subaru incredible road sense. And the new Subaru body styles have impact-absorbing structure, front and rear, to protect your valuable possessions. Like life. And limb.

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23

EST. MPG
(CITY)*

33

EST.
HWY.*

Subaru 4WD's handle nimbly and respond quickly. And shift from front-wheel to four-wheel drive at up to 50 mph.

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A Letter from the Publisher

Correspondent Marcia Gauger has a fine professional facility for being in the right place at a stimulating time. Three years ago, while on loan from TIME to teach journalism at the American University in Cairo, she was caught in one of the riots over high Egyptian food prices that rattled the government of President Anwar Sadat. This year, even before settling in as the magazine's New Delhi bureau chief, she covered the collapse of the government of Indian Prime Minister Morarji Desai.

But nothing can match the timing that Gauger demonstrated last week: she was the only journalist inside the U.S. embassy in Islamabad when it was attacked and burned by a Pakistani mob. Gauger's first-person account of the siege and her subsequent rescue is a substantial part of this week's cover story.

Gauger had gone to the embassy to seek information concerning a Voice of America radio report about last week's seizure of the Sacred Mosque in Mecca. When an official she sought turned out to be away from his office, she headed for the embassy commissary, one of few places in the sternly Islamic city where alcohol is served. "I thought I might have lunch and a beer and try to catch him before I left for my next appointment," she says. "You

know the rest. It could happen to anyone who likes a beer."

Gauger has spent much of her life in motion. As a youth she traveled through North and South America with her father, a chemical engineer. Her childhood ambition was to become a foreign correspondent, but her economics degree from Swarth-

MICHAEL EVANS



Correspondent Marcia Gauger

more led to a job with TIME as a New York-based researcher in the Business section. She later moved to the news service, where she kept track of colleagues' travels, and eventually became a reporter in the New York City bureau. During her years in New York she visited Europe, the Middle East, the Soviet Union, China and India. In her first months as head of the New Delhi bureau, she has traveled through the Indian subcontinent to reacquaint herself with the region's politics and varied cultures. She has followed the election campaign of former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, covered a public flogging in Rawalpindi and finally traveled to Islamabad for her appointment with danger. "It was not quite the way I had planned to spend Thanksgiving," she says of her ordeal. "But I am really in the spirit of the holiday now. When you think you will either be shot on a roof or roasted in a steel vault, but then escape, you have learned something about how to be thankful."

John C. Meyers

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Cover: Painting by Roy Andersen.



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Cover: Khomeini's threat of spy trials for the hostages provokes a U.S. military warning, and the crisis spreads. After zealots seize Mecca's Sacred Mosque, the U.S. embassy in Pakistan goes up in flames. See NATION.



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World: An attack on Mecca's Sacred Mosque shocks all of Islam. ► Zombie-like refugees of Cambodia's agony. ► An exclusive interview with the architect of South Africa's new moderation. ► More furor in Britain's spy saga.



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Kramer vs. Kramer: The heartbreaker of the year is a searing film about divorced parents fighting for the custody of their son. Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep and Justin Henry provide powerful performances. See CINEMA.

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Letters

Cambodian Hell

To the Editors:

A question that has been brought to my mind by the suffering in Cambodia (Nov. 12): How do we know that life on this earth is not another world's hell?

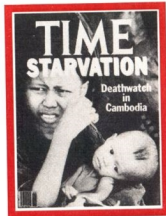
*Muhammad I. Kabir
Austin*

1979—the Year of the Child? Someone should tell that to the starving Cambodian children.

*Danny Jong
San Francisco*

Let us be at least as daring in delivering food to Cambodia as we were with bombs. The cost is so much less and the good done so much more lasting.

*Connell J. Maguire
Captain, U.S.N. (ret.)
Snead's Ferry, N.C.*



Having thrown extra C rations to clusters of starving Vietnamese children from moving trucks as a G.I. in Viet Nam just ten short years ago, I now see that same look in the eyes of the mother and her child on your cover. This to me leads to the same root cause: politics as usual.

*Richard F. Walz
Hampton Bays, N.Y.*

It is ironic that while the Western world—the so-called archenemy of the downtrodden people, according to Marxist doctrines—is trying to send much needed aid to starving and disease-stricken millions, the Communists are fighting about their highfalutin ideologies.

*Nirupam Halder
Jamshedpur, India*

A Nuclear Countryside?

As a country dweller, I was appalled at the Kemeny report's recommendation (Nov. 5) to build no new nuclear power plants near large population centers. I moved to the country ten years ago to take myself out of the rampant consumer



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Letters

addiction that has created the nuclear industry. And now the recommendation is to build plants near us in the country, near our solar homes and our children.

I say that those people who use so much electricity should be the ones to breathe the stuff and raise their children in it. Those who have chosen otherwise should be left alone.

Jo Carey
Taos, N. Mex.

It now looks like Three Mile Island may turn out to be the *Hindenburg* of nuclear power.

Stephen M. Donnelly
Westfield, Mass.

Greensboro Shootout

The article about the Ku Klux Klan shootout [Nov. 12] makes Greensboro, N.C., sound like the most racially disturbed city in the South. It is correct that Greensboro has been the scene of many civil rights protests in the past, but our community has grown together, both blacks and whites, to become one of the best of cities to live in.

The shootout on Nov. 3 was not an act of Greensboro citizens but of two sick-minded organizations from outside our community. Why Greensboro was picked for such ill-considered actions by the Ku Klux Klan and the Communist Workers Viewpoint Organization is a question that everyone here would like answered.

T. Richard Beard Jr.
Greensboro, N.C.

I wonder how many more Greensboros will occur before this country realizes that the Ku Klux Klan is the most dangerous element in today's society, trying to take race relations back some 400 years. Wake up, America: an ugly disease is spreading across the land—the Ku Klux Klan.

John A. Hindsman
Glendale, Ariz.

Camelot or Elsinore?

If Senator Kennedy [Nov. 5] is elected President, Americans will not see a resurrected Camelot. Indeed, we might witness Hamlet's Elsinore—a realm preoccupied with the unrealized and abstract legacies of ghosts.

Robert del Valle
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

You can call him Ted. You can call him Ed. You can call him Eddie. You can call him Teddy. But please! Never Mr. President!

John L. Morgan
Bell Buckle, Tenn.

Ted Kennedy may have Chappaquiddick hanging over him, but Jimmy Carter has inflation, unemployment, lack of leadership and Brother Billy hanging over

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23

 EPA EST.
MPG

38

 EST. HWY.
MPG

322

EST. RANGE

532

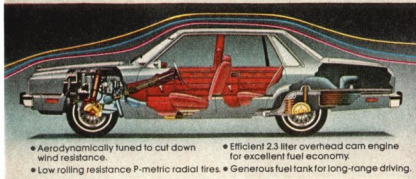
 EST. HWY.
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Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine —
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Letters

his head. The Republicans have the constant reminder of Watergate. I'll take my chances with Ted and Camelot.

Brian T. Kowal
Joppatowne, Md.

Campus Drinking

As a college freshman, I found your article "Going Back to the Booze" [Nov. 5] to be true. We too had a "flurry of pamphlets on how to fight alcohol abuse," but they fell to the ground, dropped by those who chose to remain inebriated.

James Dann
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

I can only assume that none of the students interviewed about drinking were employed. For those of us who are, we have more realistic worries about rent, tuition and so on. If I were an employer looking for fresh talent, I would take a dim view of the graduating students if they had to drink to face up to their problems.

Pamela S. Beyer
Mesa, Ariz.

You stated that alternative beverages were being promoted at the University of Virginia. The Jefferson Society has directed me to inform you that the society does not have an alternative beverage policy, nor will it institute one. The society was founded in 1825, and has a long tradition of alcohol consumption. Teetotaling is a flagrant slap in the face of tradition.

Robert R. Dively
Charlottesville, Va.

A Hobson's Choice

I have a question for the members of the Christian-Patriots Defense League [Nov. 5]: I am a patriotic black American, also interested in survival. In the event of a Communist-inspired takeover, would my chances be better with the Communists... or you?

Leamon J. Abrams
San Francisco

Selecting the Chief Justice

"Inside the High Court" [Nov. 5] leaves me with the feeling that perhaps our present system of allowing the President to appoint a Chief Justice for life should be scrapped. If the President appointed the Justices, but allowed them to select their own Chief to preside over the court prior to the opening of each new session, it would at least allow the Justices to work under leadership that the majority considered competent.

Don Marshall
Laguna Beach, Calif.

An Awesome Number

Frank Trippett's Essay [Oct. 29] on astounding numbers was excellent. But how could he possibly leave out one of

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there been
no female
Leonardo?

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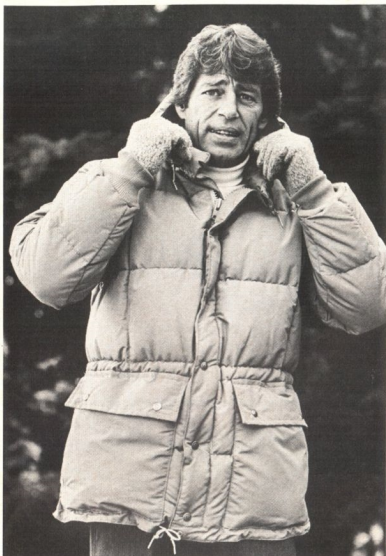
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Letters

the most intriguing units of measurement known to man, the light-year—the distance that light travels in one year's time? It must become apparent that the light-year is one of our most awesome concepts, as are stars millions of light-years away.

Richard A. Honaker, M.D.
Austin

*Thinking up the googolplex
May be mankind's biggest
blunder.*

*But in a million, billion, billion
years*

We won't be here to wonder.

Eric Elfman
Los Angeles

Even TIME's Frank Trippett was overcome by the magnitude of a billion. An airplane propeller spinning 2,400 r.p.m. would actually spin 1,261,440,000 times in a 365-day year.

Ray Simms
Chillicothe, Ohio

I wish Frank Trippett could write a "googol" of articles as enjoyable!

George J. Chovanec III
Toledo

Our Friends, the Vegetables

If we feel that we must decide between eating plants or eating animals (Nov. 5), then we should avoid eating plants and indeed cherish them with loving care. Plants not only produce all the food for both themselves and animals but also keep the oxygen supply of the earth constant against our ever increasing destruction of it. On moral grounds as well as biological, if we feel we must choose, it is clear that we should insist on eating only animal products.

George R. Tracy
San Clemente, Calif.

Not all vegetarians would take amiss John Leo's remark about their preverbal innocence. It might remind a few people of another remark. Something about a little child leading...

Kay Sparks
Midlothian, Va.

Perelman and the Angels

I read about S.J. Perelman's death [Oct. 29] shortly after I had discovered and was still reading *A Child's Garden of Curses*. There's no doubt about the man's ingenuity, and the death of such an amusing character is a pity. I'm sure that now even the saints won't be able to keep a straight face with him and his writing around.

Emmanuel Manalo
Wellington, New Zealand

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Sally Struthers' Christmas Wish.

"Somewhere in the world there is a child who will spend Christmas Day the same way she spends every other day.

"Hungry. Poor. Helpless.

"I know, because I found such a child five years ago. I became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"I wish you could know the joy and love I have known these past five Christmases I've shared with Marites.

"Since I became her sponsor, I know Marites has daily meals, medical help and a chance to go to school. And the kind of love that every child needs.

"But all that I have given seems like nothing when I think of the new meaning she has given to my life.

"You can know the richness, the joy of giving to a child who needs your help.

"You can know it in time for Christmas.

"You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"All it costs is \$15 a month, but you help give a child so very much.

"Regular meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

"You needn't send any money now.

"First learn about the child who needs you.

"Just send the coupon.

"We'll send you a child's photograph and tell you about her way of life—her age, health, interests and family background.

"We'll also tell you how this child can be helped, and give you details on how you can exchange letters and share a very special part of her life.

"After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

"Simply send in your check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and background materials so we can ask someone else to help.

"Get to know a child who needs your help. Somewhere there is a child who wishes she could share something special with you this Christmas.

Love."

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills

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NTIMD1

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I'll send my first sponsorship payment of \$15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of \$15.

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EMPIRE



Getting familiar with death, ten-year-olds play in a cemetery near Gainesville

American Scene

In Florida: A Life and Death Class

About 20 minutes outside Gainesville, Fla., stands an old country cemetery. A motorist compelled by the urgent and forgettable business that seems to possess most people behind steering wheels could speed right past the six acres of oak ridge plots, as oblivious as a sinner out of *Pilgrim's Progress*. But if the wayfarer is inspired to take a sideways look, on certain balmy days he may glimpse a scene as astonishing as any vision by John Bunyan.

Under the live oaks, draped with Spanish moss, a small band of nine- and ten-year-olds scramble among the tombstones with the quick casual grace of children playing games in their own familiar schoolyard. In the midst of death—to reverse the proverb—there is life. And what life. Life in yellow T shirts with maroon-letter messages like "Whereinthehell is Gainesville, Fla.?" Life, chewing sugarless grape gum with great juicy smacks. Life about as far from death as life can get.

For Judith Shaak—the dark-haired young woman a little off to one side, whose restless, measuring eyes say teacher—this exuberant encounter between the very living and the very dead is no random happening. The little girls chasing lizards around the sandy grave of Madison Starke Perry (1814-1865), the fourth Governor of Florida, and the boys swigging Coke while making tombstone rubbings with brilliant red crayons are members of the Enrichment Class for Life and Death at

the Myra Terwilliger Elementary School, now in session. And Mrs. Shaak—in her third year of leading dry runs through the Valley of the Shadow—could not be more pleased by what she sees.

Near the tombstone inscribed "Our Mammy," Christa Barker kneels to examine the seashells heaped as decoration above one or two graves. Martha Hale jumps up and down, shouting "Isn't he darling?"—summoning everybody to the sculptured dog that stands on guard at the front and center of a family plot. Wylie Cohn picks out a weather-blackened stone engraved with the two words: "Not Dead." Sucking his breath in a whistle, Wylie says, "He *really* didn't want to die." Strolling along a row like a window shopper on a summer day, Kevin Johnson stumbles across a coincidence much to his liking. Pointing to the first name on a marker, he commands Martha Hale: "Lay down, Martha. You're dead." The joke, Martha decides, is meant kindly, and she joins in the laughter that scatters over the scene like the sunbeams through the moss-fringed trees.

Death, Arnold Toynbee once said, is un-American. But not today. Death-education courses now abound all over the country for college, high school and elementary students. Their philosophy parallels the one that is used to justify sex education courses—talk about a subject that has been nearly taboo, and therefore

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Fastest from the entire shaded area.



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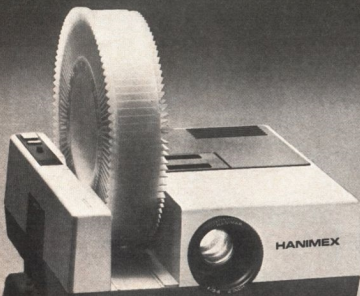
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American Scene

mysterious and frightening, and everybody will probably feel better. One of the standard texts, by Gene Stanford and Deborah Perry, is even called *Death Out of the Closet*. The gifted fourth- and fifth-graders, mostly with IQs above 125, who make up Mrs. Shaak's little flock are simply dragging the dark angel into the Florida sunlight and making death almost ordinary.

The Terwilliger School used to lie across the street from pasture land. Times change. Now grazing cows have been replaced by a Burger King. Mrs. Shaak's Life and Death classroom at first looks like just another concrete-and-glass modular unit of 1970s education. Scrawled student papers cover the walls, but they are not quite the usual exercises. On a sort of bulletin board the children have posted their own epitaphs inside crudely drawn tombstones. Nicole Carpenter writes:

*Here lies Nicole
Who fell in a hole.
Without a doubt
She could not get out.*

Dan Smith's inscription reads:

*Here lies Dan.
He was hit by a van
When living in Japan.*

At the front of the room self-composed obituaries are displayed: "Alec Tilley died at the age of 87. He died of old age at his own home . . . Remembered for great playing in sports. Send flowers . . ."

A charmingly unassuming but determined woman, Mrs. Shaak coaxes doctors to visit the Life and Death class. The relentless children ask them:

"How do you tell someone they're going to die?"

"Is there really a spirit?"

One earnest bad speller asks in writing: "How do you preform and octopus?"

Lawyers advise the class how to write a will, and each child does. A girl stipulates: "I leave my bed to my second cousin Millie." A boy's will: "My puppy to Tim. Fonz helmet to Tom." Out of who knows what urge one willmaker allots his comic books to his brother but specifies: "My horn, my stick and rope to be put in my casket with me."

Games are played ("You have just been informed that you have only one year to live . . ."). Life and death questionnaires are submitted to each class. Sample question: "What happens when people and animals die?" Sample answer: "Everything is sad and not very active."

Mrs. Shaak wrote her master's thesis on the way children's books deal with death. She discovered a "grandfather's gone on a long trip" evasiveness. Her charges read books like *A Taste of Blackberries*, in which a child dies of bee stings. They see films like *Annie and the Old One*, in which a Navajo girl learns to accept—big word—her grandmother's dying.

The fancy is stretched to imagine life's

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American Scene

last event by every device of art, by every technique of simulation. Yet finally nothing will do but to meet death face to face. It is time for the ultimate field trip. Station wagons and minibuses piloted by volunteer mothers head out for the Williams-Thomas Funeral Home.

If funeral directors are expected to be lank, lugubrious, waxen creatures like their customers, Mickey Milam, a smiling cherub of a man, provides the perfect antistereotype. In the Chapel of the Chimes, flanked by potted palms and backed by taped music, Mickey delivers his stand-up speech on the history, evolution, and utter necessity of the funeral home professional. Who else knows just how to suture the lips shut? Who else knows just where to make the incision so "you're gonna get your best drainage?"

The Life and Death class listens patiently. When the meeting opens for questions, half a dozen hands shoot up. Has Mickey ever had a corpse come to life? Is there any demand for glass coffins? Eventually the questions get personal. Mickey is asked: "Are you going to be cremated?" He shakes his head no. Mickey is only 39, but the hint of a shadow crosses his face. He volunteers that the males in his family generally start dying from 62 on. Clearly it is time to tour the casket selection room.

Mickey's smile revives as he slaps a

coffin and extols the virtues of 20-gauge steel. With undercoating. He points to one casket that boasts a watertight seal; he points to another that does not. "Caskets are like cars," he philosophizes. "Some come with a few more of the niceties."

The Life and Death children swarm about the coffins—peer into them, peer under them. They improvise hide-and-seek games around the larger caskets. A small casket with a closed lid rests on the floor. They straddle it like a hobby horse. One boy checks the price tag on his favorite model: "Wow, \$5,700! Pure bronze. I'm going to buy that for my dad." In a corridor outside, a fair young man with a mustache, soldierly erect in his three-piece gray suit, has been guarding a door. On their way to view the caskets the Life and Death children, with infinite distaste for closed doors, ask the young man, "What's in there? Can we go in?"

"It's currently occupied," he answers, with a broad wink. Now the moment has come. Nobody has to go into the room, Mrs. Shaak reminds her excited pupils. Nobody has to go anywhere or do anything he or she doesn't choose to.

At last the closed door is opened. By two and threes the children march across the threshold as if entering the next life. A widow who died in a nursing home two days earlier lies before them in an open

casket, gowned in a dress provided by the funeral home, her gray curls coiffed. Some mouths arrange themselves in solemn expressions. Some quiver, then crack into nervous conspiratorial grins. But when their turn comes, all the visitors head toward the corpse—an irresistible force confronting an immovable object.

Unwrinkled faces bend close to stare at folded, garled hands, at the sunken face. How much suffering takes place in 72 years! How much of that can a ten-year-old child understand? A question for Henry James or William Golding, with the answer buried deep between the lines of *The Turn of the Screw* or *Lord of the Flies*. Ten-year-olds have other questions.

"Why does she have a mustache?"

"Will she be buried with her glasses?"

"What did she die of?"

"Natural causes," Mickey answers. "Some people just get old and wear out."

Afterward, in the driveway, the boys crawl into the back of the hearse where the old woman's body will ride. One of them asks Mickey a final question: "Can we have a ride in the Hertz?"

Everybody cracks up.

At the end of a long day, on the drive back to school, the girls sing duets from *Annie* while the boys try to pull their hair.

Death, where is thy sting? Not in Gainesville, Fla. — **Melvin Maddocks**



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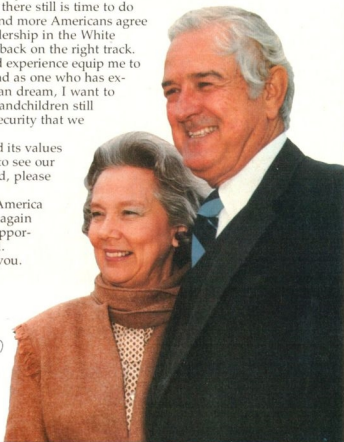
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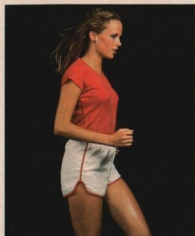
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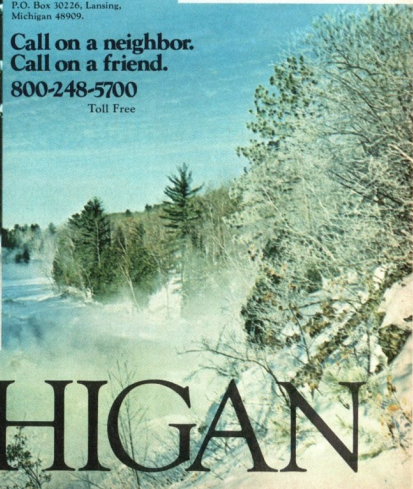


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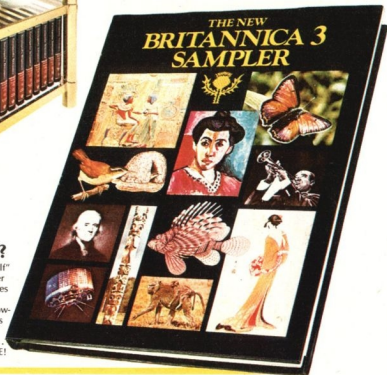


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A Portfolio Of Competition

The winning photographs in TIME's Amateur Photo Contest.
Judge: George Plimpton

Second Prize Photographer Neil Clewner



THEME: THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION. The winners or losers, the joys and sorrows of team against team, one against one, or one against self, the drive for human achievement.

TIME December 3, 1979



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I was delighted to have been asked to judge TIME's photography contest. I was astounded to see such a variety of excellent perceptions of the "Spirit of Competition." Of course, photographs, like any other art form, can only be judged subjectively so this portfolio contains those photographs that best caught the "Spirit of Competition" for me.



George Plimpton

**GRAND PRIZE:
DENISE A. DALY**

Everything about this photograph—the composition, the contrast of the elegance one associates with ballet against the rigid bones of an old-fashioned radiator, the girl herself, (I am quite in love with her), the soft, diffused light which is so appropriate—all of this adds up to a photograph of such highly professional skill that it is easy to select as the Grand Prize Winner.



**COVER PHOTO/SECOND PRIZE:
NEIL CLEWNER**

An obvious prize winner. Wonderful composition. The leader is either yelling a warning or orally producing a motor sound for his machine. The boy racing behind him has obviously got something on his mind: an impending crash? Who knows...except that the photographer has caught a memorable moment of emotion and excitement.

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ANN B. SANFEDELE

What I like about this photograph is the complete confidence with which the girl is finishing off a scrabble word which one would be unlikely to find in any known dictionary.



THIRD PRIZE: CAROL HAGEN FOX

The fallen gladiator is being told that he is going to be a fine Secretary of Commerce one day—a moment we all experience that combines sorrow and comfort...in this instance wonderfully caught by the photographer.



ROBERT L. WHEELER

Lou Brock sliding home, in a world series could hardly do better with his facial expressions at dramatizing this quintessential moment of the national game.



TOM WALTERS

All the joy of winning is on display here. Who performed the heroics, and who did what to whom is obviously going to be a dinner-table topic, and probably also at breakfast the next morning, and at school, and I wouldn't mind hearing what happened a few times myself.



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MICHAEL R. COIRIN

I didn't know where this fellow finished in the race, but the photograph made me root for him, and honor him.



KIRK R. CONDIE

Man struggling with the elements is always a worthy subject for the photographer.



ROBERT J. HOLDREITH

No one is shying away from the ball. There's not an expression on view in this photograph that does not reflect the confidence of youth that he's going to get to the ball first.



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Pentax was the first to "marry" the through-the-lens light meter with a computer in a 35mm SLR camera, so that what the meter reads automatically controls the exposure. A breakthrough, to say the least, and again Pentax did it first.

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And it's very flattering to think that so many camera companies can't live without some of our ideas. But really, it's getting so we can't introduce something one year without seeing a bunch of different versions of it in the stores the next year.

For instance, last year we took our knowledge and experience in 35mm and applied it to the design of the Pentax System 10, the world's first Single Lens Reflex camera with interchangeable lenses that takes 110 cartridge film. Even now, we're starting to see the imitations.

Right now our competitors are probably trying to produce a 35mm SLR camera that's even smaller, lighter and easier to use than the automatic Pentax ME.

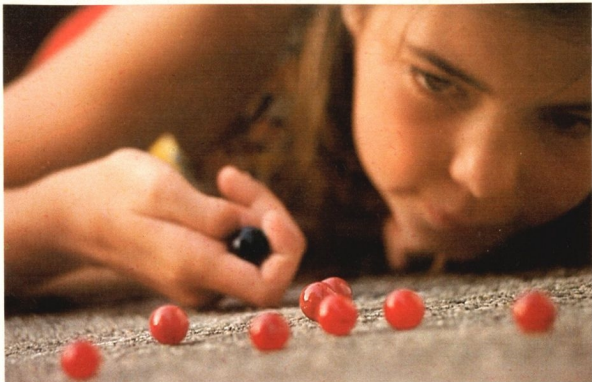
Meanwhile, we've already done it ourselves with the new automatic Pentax MV and we are introducing the MV at an even lower price than the ME.

So if you're in the market for a camera, don't buy 1/10 of a Pentax, 1/5 of a Pentax, or even 1/4. Get the whole, complete and genuine article from your Pentax dealer today.

And like Pentax, you'll be way ahead of everyone else.

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THIRD PRIZE: NELSON A. KNIFFIN

An artfully composed photograph with a fine fortuitous balance of color and shapes. An easy prize winner to pick, I thought, though I'm not sure I'd want to risk my small stock of marbles against this particular shooter.

A Memo From The Publisher Of TIME

Photography must be one of the most popular American hobbies, if I'm any judge of the interest in and response to TIME's "Spirit of Competition" photography contest.

The number of photographs entered in the contest was absolutely overwhelming. And in the face of all the economic problems we have to cope with on a daily basis, it was gratifying to see, by the quality of the contest entries, that America's competitive spirit hasn't been dampened.

Congratulations to all the winning photographers and my thanks to everyone for making this contest so successful.

John A. Meyers



THIRD PRIZE: MARY ANN STOKES

A prize-winner on the strength and intensity that the camera catches of these two elderly women—in striking contrasts of demeanor—concentrating on the bingo boards.

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with your
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—to bring
the mountains
to Mohammed or
to fill the frame
with the head
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"SPIRIT OF COMPETITION"
PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST**

GRAND PRIZE

Denise A. Daly
Rosemont, Pennsylvania

SECOND PRIZE

Neil Clewner
Commack, New York

THIRD PRIZE

Carol Hagen Fox
Rutledge, Tennessee

Nelson A. Kniffin
Seaford, New York

Mary Ann Stokes
Midland Park, New Jersey

HONORABLE MENTION

Julia C. Barker
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Paul Cohen
Los Angeles, California

Michael R. Coirin
Ft. Huachuca, Arizona

Kirk R. Condie
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Roberta Francis
Chatham, New Jersey

Robert H. Gruskin
Bronx, New York

Robert J. Holdreith
East Detroit, Michigan

Jon K. Loruenser
Hershey, Pennsylvania

Mike Masano
Clinton, Maryland

Treva Mattioni
Marlton, New Jersey

Richard Meyers
Washington Township,
New Jersey

W. J. Muenstermann
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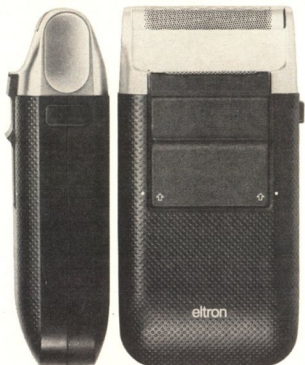
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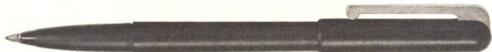
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Angry Attacks on America

Khomeini's tirades spur outbreaks of mob hysteria—and bloodshed

The rancorous quarrel between the U.S. and Iran darkened and expanded last week into an ever more perilous confrontation. From the U.S. came a warning of military force, from Iran an appeal to mob violence. Such violence broke out from Turkey to India, most seriously in Pakistan, where the first American blood was shed. And by this time Iran's fire-eating Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had become so extreme, so demagogic, so streaked with irrationality that serious diplomats wondered how the breach could be repaired. "This is not a struggle between the United States and Iran," Khomeini declared. "It is a struggle between Islam and the infidels." He repeatedly threatened that the 49 American hostages held in the captured U.S. embassy in Tehran would be tried as spies, and possibly executed, if the U.S. does not send back the deposed Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi from the hospital in New York City.

The White House, supported by widespread American indignation against the Iranians, responded with a warning that "the consequences of harm to any single hostage will be extremely grave." President Carter backed up that warning by ordering the 80,000-ton carrier *Kitty Hawk* and five escorting warships to speed from Subic Bay in the Philippines to reinforce the carrier *Midway* and twelve other ships already in the Persian Gulf area. Until last week, the White House had emphatically ruled out all talk of using military force against Iran; now it just as emphatically warned that while it was seeking a peaceful settlement it had "other remedies available."

"Why should we be afraid?" jeered Khomeini. "We consider martyrdom a great honor."

Khomeini's inflammatory rhetoric played a major part in the wave of Muslim fanaticism and anti-American violence that swept far beyond Iran. In Saudi Arabia, possessor of the world's greatest reserves of oil and American dollars, a band of extreme religious zealots seized the Sacred Mosque in Mecca, the holiest shrine in all Islam (see *WORLD*). In Pakistan, a mob enraged by radio reports claiming that the U.S. had inspired the attack on the Mecca mosque stormed and set fire to the U.S. embassy. They left the modernistic, 30-acre compound a gutted ruin. Two Americans were killed; 90 others were rescued after seven hours of horror (see following pages). Angry crowds

"Death to Carter"

—Crowd slogans in front of U.S. embassy in Tehran

"The U.S. is Enemy No. 1 of humanity"

—An Iranian radio broadcast

"Khomeini struggles, Carter trembles"

—Iranian banner

"[America]... the mother of corruption"

—Khomeini speech

"Kill the American dogs"

—Muslim mobs in Islamabad

"We will close these spy nests"

—Khomeini speech

"It is a struggle between Islam and the infidels"

—Khomeini speech

also threw rocks through the windows of a U.S. consulate in Izmir, Turkey; another crowd chanted "Down with American imperialism!" outside the American embassy in Dacca, Bangladesh; demonstrators in Calcutta stoned the U.S. consulate and burned President Carter in effigy. Khomeini's reaction to the embassy attack in Pakistan was "great joy" and a call for all Muslims to join in an uprising against Western influence.

Indeed, even while the Pakistani attack was going on, Khomeini's office made a statement over Iranian radio blaming the Mecca violence on "criminal U.S. imperialism." It added: "The Muslims must... expect this kind of dirty act by American imperialism and international Zionism." There was not a shred of evidence for the accusation, and U.S. State Department spokesman Hodding Carter promptly described it as an "outright, knowing lie." Indeed, the assailants were fundamentalist Muslims whose opposition to all Western influence is similar to Khomeini's archaic views. But though the U.S. has no quarrel with Islam, the report of U.S. complicity was widely believed in Islamic countries.

For the U.S. the immediate issue remained the 49 hostages in Tehran. Concern about their fate far overshadowed any relief about the return of the 13 hostages—five white women and eight black men—who were freed by their captors and who made it home for Thanksgiving dinner. As the 13 stepped off the C-135 military jet that brought them into Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, dozens of relatives who had been flown there from all over the country rushed to embrace them. But the official welcoming could not be jubilant. Said Secretary of State Cyrus Vance: "Our relief that you are safe is muted by our concern for your colleagues who remain." A day later, White House Press spokesman Jody Powell announced after Carter conferred with his top aides at Camp David: "The last American hostage is just as important to us as the first."

Khomeini's original threat against the 49 was conditional: "If Carter does not return the Shah, it is possible that the hostages may be put on trial," but his intentions seemed clear. The prisoners, Khomeini said, were not diplomats but people "whose acts of espionage have been proved on the basis of evidence." If the hostages are tried, he added, "Carter knows what will happen." Iran's Deputy



Excited Tehran demonstrators converge on the seized U.S. embassy at start of Muharram, both a sacred and a revolutionary holiday

"Why should we be afraid?" jeered Khomeini. "We consider martyrdom a great honor."

Chief Islamic Prosecutor Hassan Ghafarpour was explicit. If the hostages are found guilty of espionage, he said, they would be "executed by firing squad."

The trials presumably would be held before an Islamic revolutionary court. Like many other acts in the Muslim world, the proceedings there begin with a prayer: "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful." But compassion and mercy have scarcely been noticeable in Iran's revolutionary trials. They are often held at night, and the accused have never yet been represented by a defense attorney. They may speak in their own behalf, but members of the audience also may, and frequently do, step forward to add accusations of their own to those presented by the prosecutor. When the sentence of death is pronounced, as it has been this year against more than 600 Iranians accused as officials and agents of the Shah, it is usually carried out within hours.

It is possible that any Americans found guilty would be sentenced to prison rather than executed, or perhaps simply expelled. But the chances are that only some lower-level employees would be acquitted. To Western reporters, Deputy Prosecutor Ghafarpour last week defined espionage as "the gathering of information for use in hostile operations, military, economic, political and psychological, etc., against the Islamic community." That is broad enough to cover nearly

all the intelligence-gathering functions that just about every major embassy in the world carries out.

The students holding the Tehran embassy last week provided some ominous indications of the kind of "evidence" that might be produced against the Americans. In a courtyard decorated with portraits of Khomeini, students chanting "Al-lahu Akbar!" (God is great!) publicly interrogated in two groups the 13 hostages

who were eventually freed. Secretary Joan Walsh was quizzed about embassy correspondence with Shahpour Bakhtiar, the Shah's last Prime Minister, who is now in exile in France. Bakhtiar asked for material support and intelligence on events in Iran; the embassy denied his request, but expressed a wish to "maintain the dialogue." As the chants continued, Walsh said the exchange was "not normal embassy correspondence," though it seemed quite normal to Western diplomats in the crowd. The questioners implied that the U.S. was helping Bakhtiar encourage separatist movements.

The students also asked pointed questions about millions of dollars in counterfeit American greenbacks, deutsche marks and Iranian rials that had been found in the embassy. They had been brought there by an Iranian, and the embassy apparently was trying to track down the counterfeiters. Student interrogators implied that the embassy had been attempting to undermine the Iranian economy. "Oh heavens, we weren't involved!" exclaimed Walsh. The English-language Tehran Times, nonetheless, bannered a headline the next day: HOSTAGES REVEAL "PLOT" TO HIT IRAN'S ECONOMY.

Could any of the hostages actually be CIA employees? The U.S. is saying absolutely nothing about that possibility, but all major countries do have intelligence agency personnel that work out of their embassies. It is a worldwide practice, as the Iranians know. Trials of any of the hostages would be

Iranian poster depicts Jimmy Carter as horned Satan



Flames Engulf the U.S. Embassy in Pakistan

After the U.S. embassy in Tehran was seized, Washington ordered its embassies throughout the world to review their security. The mission in the Pakistani capital of Islamabad finished its review with the observation that, in the words of an Administration official, "the embassy was totally dependent on the Pakistani government for protection." The very next day, that proved to be dangerously true.

Angered by false radio reports that Americans were responsible for the seizure of the Sacred Mosque at Mecca, some 10,000 Pakistanis attacked the U.S. headquarters, throwing bricks and setting cars afire. It was 1 p.m., and not until about an hour later did police appear; they found themselves outnumbered, and left. The rioters, many of them students, crashed into the embassy, trapped some 90 employees in a vault room and set the building afire. There were cries of "Kill the American dogs!"

Not until 4 p.m. did Pakistani army troops arrive, and they stayed to one side.

Hearing of the violence, President Carter got on the telephone to President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq and told him that Pakistan was responsible for the Americans' safety. Zia, who seized power in a coup 2½ years ago and whose regime has been facing stiff resistance, said

he had been doing what he could, but he proved reluctant to use real force against the crowd.

Only at night, with the embassy in flames, did the mob disperse, its passion spent. The toll of dead in the seven-hour rampage: one American Marine and an Army warrant officer, two Pakistani embassy clerks and two rioters.

There were also large demonstrations in Karachi, and the American cultural centers in Lahore and Rawalpindi were burned and gutted. The next day Washington ordered all "nonessential embassy personnel" and dependents evacuated from Pakistan. Thereupon some 400 Americans, mostly wives and children of U.S. personnel, flew home.

There was one journalist among the Americans trapped in the embassy—TIME's New Delhi Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger. Below is her dramatic account of the extraordinary and terrifying hours inside the besieged embassy.



Crowley

Ellis

"You Could Die Here"

It started as if it were nothing. Just two red buses; maybe 150 people. They got out and started milling around the big iron gates. They chanted anti-Carter slogans, threw a few rocks over the red brick wall, got back in the buses and drove away. End of demo. I was headed for the cafeteria, and Embassy Political Officer Herb Hagerty called out, "Save me a seat, I'll be right there." He never made it. It was a few minutes later, about 1 p.m., that the buses returned, this time six of them. They were crammed with people, both inside and clinging to the roof. And now all hell broke loose.

The Marines slammed shut the gates as some of the mob began setting cars in the parking lot afire. Others bashed at the brick wall, using a heavy pole. There was constant yelling outside. Embassy staffers began locking their files. Dave Fields, the administrative counselor, watched the rioters smashing at the walls. "If the wall goes, we're in for it," he said. Moments later it did. "Everybody upstairs," Fields shouted.

We climbed a curved staircase to the embassy's third-floor vault, a specially designed, windowless steel-walled room, about 20 ft. by 30 ft. It contained communications equipment, coding devices, and an enormous safe. It had its own back-up power generator and battery-powered radios. "They're shooting," someone shouted. "They shot a Marine." "Where was he?" "On the roof." "Is he O.K.?" "I don't know."

Cpl. Steve Crowley, 19, a Long Islander who served in Pakistan about three months, had been assigned to roof duty, and a rioter had shot him in the side of the head. They got him down and brought him to an anteroom of the vault. A nurse hovered over him, fitting an oxygen mask. He lay in a pool of blood. I hadn't been scared at first, but now I was as I stood there looking at this young dying Marine.

"Everybody into the vault," somebody ordered. Marines were throwing tear gas as we retreated. Some 90 of us were herded into the vault, arranging ourselves on chairs, desks, the floor. The tear gas began filtering into the room, causing a lot of crying and retching. "Down on the floor," Fields yelled. "The air's better there." A lot of people were already on the floor, bending over, retching from the gas. We were pretty packed in.

The lights went out, then on again. A phone rang and we were told that police were on their way. Six minutes later, another phone call said General Zia was sending reinforcements.

Just before 2 o'clock, one hour after the siege began, word came from the British embassy, which could observe the outside of our building, that "they" were moving demonstrators off the compound. But "they" were not. We began to smell smoke. There was fire somewhere.

At 2:23, the attackers smashed their way into the embassy itself. The Marines—there were seven of them—moved up to the third floor, covering their retreat with tear gas. Radio contact was established with other areas of the embassy community. We were Dixie 14. Dixie 20 was Ambassador Arthur Hummel, who was at home. "I know you're uncomfortable in there, but just hold on and take it easy," Hummel said. He told us the Pakistani army was just a few minutes away.

At 2:40, we learned that the warehouse near the embassy was on fire. We began to wonder how long we could hold out. There were fresh attempts to reach the ambassador and a report that helicopters were on the way to rescue us from the roof. I was trying to listen for the helicopters when Public Affairs Officer James Thurber reached for my notebook and pen. When he handed it back, it contained this note: "3:35 Marine died." Tears started to my eyes. Thurber had his fingers to his lips. "Nobody knows," he whispered. It was an emotional piece of information the room did not need.

At 3:48, we heard new sounds. "They're on the roof," somebody yelled. Dixie 17, the American school, told us there were three truckloads of Pakistani troops on a side road "waiting to move." An embassy officer grabbed the mike. "This is the third floor of the American embassy," he yelled. "You have our permission to move those troops."

At 4:08, a voice in the back of the room asked: "You got a fire extinguisher in here?" The carpet was getting quite hot. At 4:11, Dixie 53 (I don't know where it was) came on the air: "The embassy is on fire—the theater building and the entrance—and there is also smoke pouring out of the motor pool. The Pakistani military are not doing anything at all. The front of the second and third floors is on fire."

There was a lot of banging and crashing outside the vault,

but we had no way of knowing what it was. Our room was now mostly quiet. It was getting warmer and warmer; the first real thoughts began to enter your mind that you could die here, that somebody was trying to cook us to death—quite literally. The link to reality was Dixie.

"This is Dixie 14. Tell Zia to get the troops here and get the people off the roof."

Dixie 20: "More troops have arrived. The military are on the scene and have taken command. They understand the urgency of clearing the building."

Dixie 14: "Someone is banging on the roof. Mr. Ambassador, they are shooting down the air-conditioning vents."

Dixie 20: "You are right. There are still dissidents on the roof. You should not open the hatch."

Dixie 14: "Now they're beating on the vault door. We don't have much time."

There was a huge bang.

Dixie 14: "There's lots of smoke, gas, and they're using some heavy object to batter the doors. Do you have any hope for us?"

There was more heavy banging, and then someone unlocked the door and our Marines crowded in; more tear gas came in with them. The radio now turned bad.

Dixie 14: "The floor in the vault is getting warm. There are fires underneath us. We need to evacuate to the roof. Can you tell us, is the roof clear?" No answer.

At 5:30 came a frightening call from the back of the room: "Fire in the vault!" Amazingly, no one panicked. One official carried the fire extinguisher over to where the carpet had begun to burn. Two blasts put out the flames.

The steel shell of the vault was now so hot from the fires raging below that the tiles laid over it were beginning to crack and buckle. We were all drenched in sweat. We were breathing through wet paper towels, very slowly and shallowly, trying to save oxygen. The smoke was getting heavy, making it hard to breathe. It was doubtful we could have lasted another 30 minutes in the vault. Dave Fields asked: "Are there some senior Pakistanis who would like to establish contact with the dissidents on the roof?" There were a number of volunteers.

"We will see if it's clear on the roof and we will go out very slowly, very orderly," said Fields. "I will say who goes."

Finally it was the Marines who led the way up the stairs to the hatch. The first Marine opened the hatch and stuck his head out into the darkness. He had no way of knowing what might be waiting for him out there on the roof. It had gotten quiet; the shooting had stopped, the



Pakistani helicopter hovered but never landed at embassy

hammering and pounding had stopped. But it could well have been a trap. We didn't know. The only thing we had going for us was the darkness itself, and I guess the fires too. That must have been what drove the rioters away.

With the Marines standing guard over the hatch, two groups of women went out onto the roof, then some men, then some more women. A burst of fresh air suddenly hit me; very cold, very fresh. There was a strange glow around the edges of the roof from the fire that was consuming the building beneath us. The Marines warned us in whispers: "Stay down! Stay down!" They could not be sure there were not still rioters somewhere on the roof.

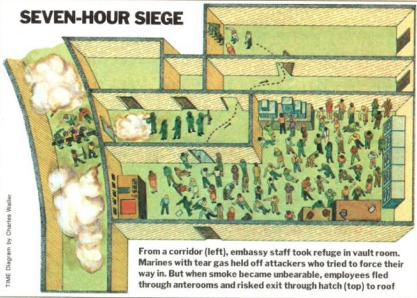
As more people came up from the vault, we gathered in knots for the move across the roof to a second ladder that went to the ground. The Marines led us over the side. "I'm sorry we have to take you through a little smoke here," one of them said to me. This part of the building was blazing

from both sides, and smoke hung over everything. I kept thinking that the roof had to collapse soon—any minute.

When we came down the last ladder, we looked across to the embassy gates. The Pakistani army that had been coming to our rescue since the assault began at 1 p.m. finally opened the gates and some soldiers ceremoniously marched over to the ladder and welcomed us to the ground.

When we finally reached safety, Ambassador Hummel praised us for "having done more for ourselves than I could get the government of Pakistan to do." He was absolutely right. I don't care what President Carter says. I don't care what Secretary Vance says. We came out all by ourselves. It was our Marine guards who saved us. Nobody else.

SEVEN-HOUR SIEGE



From a corridor (left), embassy staff took refuge in vault room. Marines with tear gas held off attackers who tried to force their way in. But when smoke became unbearable, employees fled through anterooms and risked exit through hatch (top) to roof

TIME Diagram by Charles Walker

Nation

an absolute violation of international law. Accredited diplomats have immunity against being tried by the host country. If they are suspected of espionage, the normal procedure is to declare them *persona non grata* (unwelcome) and order them to leave the country.

President Carter, who has put aside almost all other business to concentrate on the Iranian crisis, was in a state of fury. He took care not to let it show in public, but he did not conceal it from his aides. "He's in an ice-cold rage," reported one. "That look in his eyes can just chill you solid." Carter reacted to the first threats of spy trials for the hostages by authorizing Press Secretary Powell to release a statement asserting that "worldwide outrage ... would be greatly heightened." Then he received a full CIA translation of

across the White House lawn, head held defiantly high, the State Department had drafted a statement posing the military threat obliquely but unmistakably. Secretary Vance argued against issuing the statement immediately, on the ground that it might further inflame the mobs in Tehran. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and others insisted that the Iranians had to be warned of the dangerous consequences before they actually put any Americans on trial.

Carter approved the issuing of the statement, with one change: he personally rewrote the key sentence to remove any possibility that the U.S. would need authorization from the United Nations to use force. The six-sentence statement, as handed to reporters 45 minutes later, warned that the "other remedies" avail-

The Pentagon has not yet decided just what the carriers should do; Washington's hope is that their mere presence near Iran will deter Khomeini and the street mobs from harming the hostages. If a greater show of force seems called for, one possibility is that the fleet would blockade the narrow Straits of Hormuz, through which tankers carry Iran's oil to foreign markets. A blockade would cut off Iran's international revenues, but it would also produce a serious world shortage of petroleum and a sharp increase in prices. U.S. allies in Western Europe and Japan would be gravely injured.

The fleet will take no offensive action so long as all the hostages remain alive. But Administration officials suggest that if even one hostage is killed, attacks on Iranian targets would begin speedily. The first assault might well be an air strike aimed at destroying the 77 F-14 jets and Phoenix missiles sold to Iran by the U.S. when the Shah was in power. The rationale: such an attack on the air bases at Isfahan and Shiraz would not only serve as a show of force against the Khomeini regime, it would also remove any possibility of the jets and missiles eventually falling into Soviet hands—and there would be few Iranian civilian casualties.

Far from inducing restraint, however, the dispatch of the fleet triggered the worst verbal attacks yet. The demonstrators occupying the embassy boasted that they had wired explosives in all the rooms where the hostages were being held. "Within an instant after hearing the first word of a suspicious movement" by the American ships, they said, they would blow up the embassy and kill all the hostages. Khomeini, on television, added: "I have no doubt that they would."

The military threat happened to coincide with the start of Muharram, a monthlong sacred period for Iran's dominant Shi'ite Muslims, which this year begins the Islamic 15th century. Last year it also marked the start of mass demonstrations that eventually brought down the Shah, and thus it has acquired a revolutionary ring. Excited by that combination, roaring crowds numbering in the tens of thousands surrounded the embassy. Their frenzy was so great that even the youths occupying the embassy urged the mob through loudspeakers to calm down. Dozens of people fainted in the crush and were passed unconscious over the heads of the throng to waiting ambulances. A number of demonstrators wore the *kafan*, the Islamic burial shroud, to proclaim their willingness to become martyrs. One group carried a large cardboard effigy of Carter, depicting him as Satan, with fangs, and a scythe dripping blood.

Frustrated in its efforts to win the hostages' release, the U.S. continued its diplomatic efforts to isolate Iran as an outlaw state. Initially Carter was described



Ten Americans being questioned by captors and reporters in Iranian capital before release

Said the White House: "The last hostage is just as important to us as the first."

Ayatullah Khomeini's speech, which included an incredible taunt. The President, said Khomeini, "knows that he is beating an empty drum. Carter does not have the guts to engage in a military operation."

When the President heard that, said one aide, "he clenched his teeth so tight that his jaw turned white." The reaction went far beyond personal pique: Carter and his aides took the speech as a sign that the Ayatullah had misread U.S. restraint as an indication that the nation was afraid to take any action. They agreed that he must be disabused of that notion. The President, who was spending Thanksgiving week at Camp David, returned immediately to the White House by helicopter for a late-afternoon meeting with the Special Coordination Committee, which has been meeting twice a day to plan strategy.

By the time the President strode

able to the U.S. are "explicitly recognized in the charter of the United Nations."

The reference was to Articles 42 and 51 of the charter. Article 42 empowers the Security Council to authorize "demonstrations, blockade and other operations by air, sea or land forces" of member nations to restore peace and security. Article 51 recognizes "the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense if an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations" before the Security Council has time to respond. Under international law, an embassy is considered part of the territory of the nation maintaining that embassy; thus the Iranian seizure of the embassy in Tehran could be considered an armed attack on the U.S. itself.

Shortly after issuing the statement, Carter ordered the naval reinforcements to the Persian Gulf area from the Pacific. The ships should get there this week. The two flat-tops that will be on the scene carry at least 125 jet fighters and bombers.

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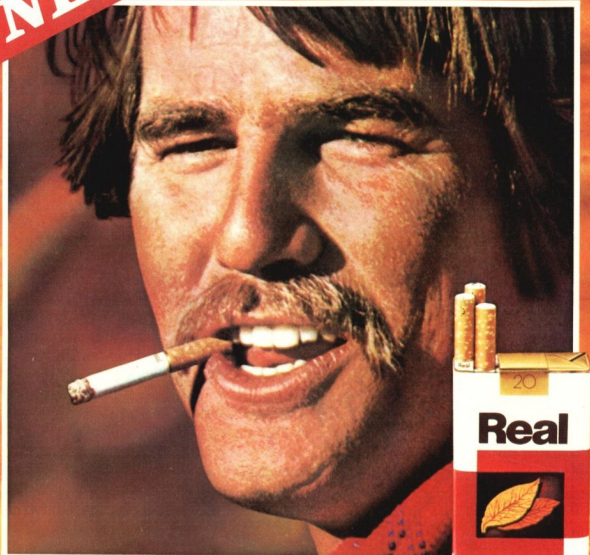
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The smoking man's low tar

Nation

by an aide as "disgusted but not surprised" by the failure of U.S. allies to condemn Iran publicly. But last week the Foreign Ministers of the nine nations of the European Community denounced the threat to try the hostages and appealed to Khomeini to free them. The French government did too, belatedly, after a public opinion poll disclosed that 64% of the respondents approved Carter's refusal to hand the Shah over to the Khomeini regime. Indeed, half the French people questioned are now sorry that their government granted political asylum to the Ayatollah last year.

Even the Soviets provided some support. Shortly after National Security Adviser Brzezinski called in Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin for coffee, sandwiches and some blunt words, the Soviet radio station that titles itself the National Voice of Iran broadcast a plea that the hostages be freed as a humanitarian move.

The U.S. tried but failed to get the U.N. Security Council to denounce the Iranian threat to put the hostages on trial as spies. The other 14 members of the Council, noting that Iran had ignored an earlier appeal to free the hostages, doubted that such a statement would do any good. In the Arab world, conservative governments are appalled by the embassy seizure but reluctant to speak out, and some fear that the dispatch of U.S. warships to the Persian Gulf area will inflame anti-American sentiment in their own nations. Said one Saudi diplomat: "The military option is a good thing to have, but a bad thing to talk about having."

One extreme frustration for the U.S. is that it has been unable to establish contact with Ayatollah Khomeini himself. Washington is getting messages to and from some members of the 15-man Revolutionary Council, which supposedly rules Iran, but Carter Administration officials are unsure how much power those members exercise. Indeed, perhaps the most troubling element in the whole situation is the possibility that the mob occupying the embassy and holding the hostages may be beyond anyone's control.

In theory, Khomeini seems to be in complete command. His new constitution, published last week, provides for the establishment of a medieval theocracy. An elected Parliament would be subservient to a Constitutional Protective Council, to be composed of six Islamic clerics and six laymen known to be devout Muslims. They are to be appointed by a *faqih*, the leading theologian of Iran, who is also designated commander of the armed forces and given veto power over virtually ev-

ery government act; though the constitution does not name him, the *faqih* could only be Khomeini. While a few Iranians bravely denounced the constitution as establishing a dictatorship, there is no doubt that Iranian voters will approve it overwhelmingly in a referendum next week. Says one Western ambassador in Tehran: "The furor over the embassy takeover has galvanized the nation behind Khomeini. A Chicago ward boss could not have pulled a more clever political stratagem."

But Khomeini's Revolutionary Council is now disclaiming responsibility for the takeover of the embassy. Acting Interior Minister Ali Akbar Hashimi Rafsanjani told TIME Middle East Bureau Chief Bruce van Voorst: "We never had the intention to move against the embassy. But the ex-dictator's arrival in the United States pushed the people over the

little understanding of the ramifications of their move, but now that they do, their egos are enormously inflated. They treat Mullah Mousavi Kho-eyni, Khomeini's envoy to them, with ill-concealed contempt. When asked by reporters if they would obey a Khomeini order to release the hostages, most merely shrug.

Radical leftists have sought, with some success, to put themselves at the head of the repeated anti-American marches. Says one Iranian journalist: "If Khomeini tried to back down now, we'd have a leftist takeover tomorrow." One of the demonstrators goes even further. If Khomeini ordered the release of the hostages and the occupiers complied, he says, the leftist demonstrators outside "would jump over the wall, exterminate the hostages and probably the students as well."

Beneath Khomeini, the

Iranian government is a babble of conflicting voices, some sounding bloodthirsty, others somewhat conciliatory. Acting Foreign Minister Abol Hassan Bani-sadr, who seems torn between two factions, managed to echo both themes at once last week. "If the U.S. Government intervenes militarily against Iran, all Iranians will fight to the last drop of blood," he proclaimed. But he also said: "The U.S., as a land of free people, can neither submit to the humiliation of surrendering a sick man [the Shah] to a regime such as the Islamic Republic of Iran, nor can it take any pleasure in the humiliation of saving the lives of about 50 to 60 of its citizens by turning over this sick man."

While the U.S. is determined not to hand over the Shah to the Khomeini regime,

it would be happy to see him leave his Manhattan hospital to return to Mexico, or go to Egypt or Paris—almost anywhere. The Shah himself told ABC's Barbara Walters that though he was not "stupid" enough to go back to Iran, he hoped to leave the U.S. in two weeks. His doctors imply that he could depart even sooner than that. They completed radiation treatments for the Shah's cancer of the lymphatic system last week, and though he still needs to have a gallstone removed from his bile duct, that does not have to be done in New York. Says one doctor: "I think we could give the Shah a prescription for Darvon and send him back to Mexico."

TIME correspondents sampling U.S. public opinion around the country last week found Americans almost unanimously against handing over the Shah to Khomeini. "We'd be groveling if we caved in now," says Boston Lawyer-Author George V. Higgins. But some con-



Meeting Carter: Turner, Brown, Jones, Mondale, Brzezinski, Vance

Rewriting a sentence to make clear the U.S. can use force.

deep end. When the attack on the embassy came, it took place so quickly and decisively that, frankly, all we could do was express our support *ex post facto*. Even if we had tried to stop them, we would have failed." Khomeini himself asserted on Iranian television that if there is a U.S. military attack, "I cannot control" the embassy occupiers.

Though these statements scarcely relieve the government of responsibility for condoning and abetting a violent breach of international law, they might contain some truth. The embassy occupiers, who have begun to talk to Western reporters, hardly appear excessively religious. There is some question whether they really are students, though they are mostly 18 to 24 and give the names of their schools when returning to the embassy compound from outside visits.

Initially, the occupiers seemed to have

sider that it was a major blunder to admit the Shah in the first place, even for medical treatment. Above all, there is frustration and anger. Willard Hedrick, owner of a construction company in St. Louis, has a simple solution for dealing with the Iranians: "We ought to shoot the sons of bitches." Says Bob Brubaker, a wheat farmer in western Kansas: "I'm beginning to think that we should either seize their oilfields or destroy them if we can." Frank McVey, a New York truck driver, would not even wait to see what happens to the hostages. Says he: "We might as well write off the hostages; they're going to be killed no matter what we do. We should bomb the hell out of that country so it will be a long time before anyone else tries the same thing." Such militant views are still much in the minority (though Marine Corps officials in Chicago reported a 150% increase in inquiries from prospective recruits since the Tehran crisis started), but they indicate the domestic pressure on Carter as he tries to cope with a situation that all but defies a happy resolution.

Some face-saving formulas are conceivable. Rafsanjani, speaking to TIME's Van Vorst, suggested that the Iranians might settle for less than an outright return of the Shah. Said he: "The Administration can considerably improve prospects for a solution by: 1) acknowledging the presence of evidence sufficient to warrant an investigation into criminal charges brought against the deposed Shah; 2) expressing its willingness to extradite the ex-dictator out of respect for the Iranian people's quest for justice; [then] 3) pleading inability to do this because of legal restrictions. If the U.S. Government makes such an announcement it would, I personally feel, open the way for a solution."

U.N. representatives of some non-aligned countries are exploring another possible compromise: the Shah leaves the U.S., and the U.N. grants Iran a chance to air its grievances against the Shah and begin some sort of international judicial proceedings to determine his guilt and whether he should be forced to return the millions he is said to have taken from Iran. Meanwhile, Khomeini "guarantees" release of the hostages, perhaps handing them over to some third country. The U.S. would insist on outright release of the hostages first, but once that is done it would have no objection to Iran's airing its complaints in international forums and seeking return of the Shah by judicial means.

But the crisis that was triggered by the Shah's arrival for treatment in New York is much larger than the Shah. As U.S. embassies go up in flames, and Americans are killed, it is difficult to see how any compromise on the Shah can provide more than a first step toward a return to civilized relations with Khomeini's Iran.

Who Is Governing Iran?



Beheshti

When the shaky government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan collapsed earlier this month, civilian administration in Iran virtually ceased to exist. In its place stood a powerful, 15-member committee composed of six Islamic mullahs and seven secular figures (there are two vacancies at present) and officially called the Islamic Revolutionary Council. Ayatollah Khomeini, the *de facto* ruler who declined to manage the government himself, gave the Council a mandate to rule Iran during a two-month transition period until the voters could approve a new theocratic constitution and elect a National Assembly and a President. Whether the internally divided Council will quietly retire after those elections, now scheduled for January, is another question. Last week Khomeini Confidant and Council Member Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani told TIME's Raji Samghabadi: "For the time being, the Council is the government."

Originally this was not so. First established by Khomeini as a five-member body in November 1978, the Council was supposed to be a "revolutionary parliament" to prepare for an orderly transfer of power from the Shah's regime to a new revolutionary government.

From the first days of Bazargan's "civilian" rule last February, however, the Council acted more as a rival government, frequently countermanning government directives and intervening in day-to-day administration. The Council directs the revolutionary tribunals that have already put to death by firing squad more than 630 of the Shah's supporters and others. It also controls the Islamic militias and the Islamic Guard, a sort of praetorian security unit for the mullahs.

Before Nov. 6, when the Council assumed full executive authority, members kept their identity secret. Since the takeover of the U.S. embassy, however, four Council members be-

sides Rafsanjani and Mohammed Javad Bahonar have emerged as the most influential leaders of Iran under Khomeini's supreme authority.

► Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, 51, the "First Secretary" of the Council, is a tall mullah with a heavy beard, hawk nose and a magisterial manner when dealing with both colleagues and subordinates. Fluent in English and German (he served as a mullah to Iranian Muslims in Germany for five years during the 1960s), Beheshti is a skillful debater in public and a cunning manipulator behind the scenes. ► Abol Hassan Bani-sadr, 47, is Iran's

new acting Foreign Minister and Finance Minister. His quiet manner, spectacles and Charlie Chaplin mustache belie a deep-rooted fierce economic radicalism. An economist who Moinfar studied at the Sorbonne, Bani-sadr says Iranian foreign policy has "a single objective: freedom from economic, cultural and political dependence on the West." He adds: "There are two things you can do — fight or rot. I prefer to fight."

► Ali Akbar Moinfar, 46, is a Japanese-trained seismologist who is now Iran's acting Oil Minister. Though no zealot, Moinfar shares Bani-sadr's enthusiasm for economic self-sufficiency. A devout Muslim who was briefly jailed under the Shah's regime, Moinfar works hard but has frail health.

► Sadeq Ghotbzadeh, 45, is acting director of National Iranian Radio and Television and thus a potentially powerful figure. He claims to have been twice expelled from the U.S. during his 20 years abroad as a dissident "student." U.S. officials deny this. One of his first acts was to purge the Iranian broadcast media of Western-style artists and music. "They all love to talk," one expert says of the



Moinfar



Bani-sadr



Ghotbzadeh

Council members, and alliances within the group shift dramatically from issue to issue. "When debate runs aground," adds an insider, "Khomeini intervenes, at our request."

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Bound for Hours, Facing the Walls

"I don't think I could have lasted another day"

I got to be light and tragic and funny and sad and tears and laughter and tantrums and where are my contact lenses and I've got to go to the bathroom and all sorts of problems." With this torrent of words, in a voice breaking with emotion, Elizabeth Montagne, 42, one of the 13 U.S. hostages released from the U.S. embassy in Tehran last week, provided an insight into the continuing ordeal of the remaining 49 Americans being kept prisoner in the embassy. Montagne's comments were made at a bizarre news conference organized in the U.S. embassy compound by the hostages' captors be-

again until the next meal. The precious extra moments of unrestricted movement caused a few nonsmokers to take up cigarettes for a while, though with mixed results. Said Smoker Montagne: "They coughed and everything, and finally it got to be better to be tied up than to try to smoke."

The hostages were sometimes bound to the chairs they sat in, or occasionally hand and foot. They tried to while away the hours by reading. In the beginning some hostages were blindfolded for days on end, and later guards capriciously bound the eyes of some again. On one oc-

The Iranians seem to have concentrated on the men in their efforts to get information about embassy activities. James Hughes, 30, one of the embassy's military personnel, was blindfolded and made to sit on a table during an interrogation. Said he: "The guy hinted that if I didn't tell them what they wanted to know, maybe some of us would have to be shot."

One of the worst forms of pressure came from the hostages' complete dependence on their captors. They had to ask permission to perform the simplest activities, from drinking a glass of water to even going to sleep. Said Air Force Captain Neal ("Terry") Robinson, 27, an administrator in the embassy's budget section: "They were our fathers and mothers. We had to ask for everything." For the physically active Americans, being forced to sit in chairs for up to 16 hours a day was almost torture. Only after Marine Security Guard Kevin Hermening had fallen sick and pleaded with the guards for fresh air were the hostages given two 10-min. periods a day outside the buildings. Hermening is still a captive.

Perhaps the cruellest psychological pressure was the deliberate isolation of the Americans both from one another and from the outside world. They were not allowed to talk to one another, and in some cases were tied to chairs facing the wall so that they were denied even the sight of anyone else. This form of mental torture brought a sharp protest from visiting Papal Representative Monsignor Annibale Bugnini. To determine any possible psychological damage, the hostages were given psychological examinations on their arrival in Germany.

Despite promises from the guards to transmit messages from the hostages' families to the captives, and vice versa, not a single message has so far been received by the hostages or their families. Worse, high Administration officials say that the hostages are now being fed deliberately falsified reports from the U.S. aimed at convincing them that Washington and the American people are abandoning them. It is, says one official angrily, "an orchestrated campaign," perhaps designed to break the Americans down before a show trial. What particularly angers Carter, according to one White House official last week, is that quasi-brainwashing techniques common only in wartime are being used against the Americans. Says one U.S. official of the embassy occupiers: "If they are really students, they have been taking some mighty interesting courses."

While all this is going on inside the embassy, the prisoners have had to endure yet another terrifying pressure coming from outside—the endless roar of crowds in the street chanting "Death to America!" Said Terri Tedford, 41, an embassy secretary: "It had a very definite effect on me. I don't think I could have lasted another week, not another day."



Tied and blindfolded U.S. hostages during the early days of the embassy takeover

Orchestrated psychological pressure and falsified reports from the U.S.

fore the release of the Americans. Once out of Iran, all 13 agreed to say no more about their harrowing experience until their fellow Americans were released. Still, from that conference, and from other accounts, it became clear that the invaders guarding the Americans were subjecting their prisoners to severe emotional and psychological pressures.

Inside the compound, the men were held in various buildings and the women kept together in the one residence. From the beginning, the routine for the prisoners seems to have been highly organized. The day would start around 6:30 a.m., when their keepers would unite the prisoners, lead them under guard to the bathrooms, then provide what Montagne called "a substantial meal" of bread, butter and cheese. All except the smokers, who were allowed a few moments for cigarettes, would then be tied up

casion, the Iranian female guards watching the American women took away all books, though they gave them back when the Americans protested. With nothing to do, and kept immobile, the hostages spent hours thinking about the next meal, which meant both relief from hunger induced by boredom and freedom to move their arms and legs.

The hostages were frequently questioned about their work and accused of plotting against the new Iranian regime. Said Lillian Johnson, 32, a secretary in the embassy's security office: "There was lots of interrogation, believe me, at weird hours of the night until they were convinced [that the hostages were telling the truth]." The Americans also had to listen to anti-U.S. and anti-Carter harangues by their captors. For some of the men there were additional hardships. They were handcuffed rather than bound with cloth.

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Nation



Immigration officials processing Iranian students in Los Angeles

Meanwhile, Trouble at Home

Lack of data hampers deporting of illegal Iranian students

When the embassy was seized in Tehran, the Carter Administration looked for some means of retaliating and finally, as a first step, ordered the deportation of Iranian students who are in the U.S. illegally. As one Justice Department official said at the time, "It's the only bullets—or BBs—we had." Yet even this restrained action may fall short of any target. A lack of accurate data on the students, growing resistance from civil libertarian groups and a variety of court challenges are likely to slow down deportation. So far, the Immigration and Naturalization Service has questioned 17,700 Iranian students and found 2,200 "out-of-status" and thus subject to deportation. But at week's end only 285 of these had agreed to go back to Iran without fighting the proceedings.

Most Iranian students arrive in the U.S. legally. The process is simple enough. They obtain an I-20 form from a college certifying that they can speak or will learn English, that they have adequate academic credentials and that they can pay their way. With the I-20, they are able to get a student visa. They can then complete their education in the U.S. provided they remain enrolled full time. But many become illegal by dropping out, taking a job or staying on after graduation.

They are aided by the fact that although the U.S. maintains strict numerical limitations, there is no rigorous monitoring of foreigners once they get into the country. The U.S. resembles a sieve—the easiest country in the world to get into or out of without permission. "Our

society is not that interested in keeping tabs on people," says an INS official in Boston. "We operate on an honor system." The Iranian students who want to beat the system obviously do not.

The INS has only a vague notion of how many Iranians, legal or illegal, are actually in the U.S. Last January, after the Iranian students became a highly visible minority by demonstrating against the Shah, U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell asked the INS for the exact number in the country. He was appalled to find that it was not available. To try to provide some kind of estimate, the INS got on the phone to colleges around the country and produced a figure of 50,000. Now the agency has combed through its files again and increased the estimate to 75,000, but even that may be too low.

The largest concentration of Iranian students is in the West and Southwest, where they often study engineering and petroleum-related subjects. The percentage of Iranians at some schools is surprisingly high. At Texas Southern University there are 900 Iranians out of a student body of 10,000. At the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, an enrollment of 28,000 includes 900 Iranians. Woodbury University in Los Angeles has 700 Iranians among 1,400 students.

The INS troubles with tracking the students emphasized once again that it keeps some of the sloppiest records in Washington. One of the last federal agencies to automate, the INS has a computer system that still has not caught up with its

paper work. Many files are kept by hand, if they are kept at all. Most of the agency's 6,000 employees, including 900 investigators, have been trying to cope with the hordes of illegal aliens pouring across the 2,000-mile Mexican border. Says New York Immigration Lawyer Benjamin Gim: "The INS is chronically underfunded and undermanned. It is a poor stepchild of the Justice Department without any real constituency or political clout."

Until the recent drive began, the INS let the schools keep track of their Iranian students—a sieve within a sieve. Colleges were not disposed to badger foreign students who were, after all, supposed to return home with pleasant memories of America. "Control was designed to be loose," says Edward O'Connor, western regional director of INS. "We hoped that besides learning their academics, the foreign students would learn something about American democracy and freedom and take that back to their countries along with their education." Educators were also reluctant to crack down on Iranians who might face hardship or even death if they were sent home.

Some colleges' records are as carelessly maintained as those at the INS. Schools have often been lackadaisical about reporting students who fail their courses, transfer to another institution or drop out altogether.

Educational institutions, particularly private colleges and universities, also have a financial incentive to enroll foreign students. Iranian tuitions have been most helpful at a time when the student population is declining.

Schools eager for students have signed blank I-20 forms and given them to private recruiters, who go abroad and sometimes literally sell them to foreigners on the street. Iranians have been known to pay \$1,500 to a recruiter to obtain an I-20. Windham College in Vermont tried unsuccessfully to stave off bankruptcy by enrolling as many foreign students as possible. (In 1978 it had 70 in an enrollment of 260.) Even fashionable Bennington College, also in Vermont, admitted to distributing signed blank I-20s in Iran.

Fly-by-night trade or language schools have used the Iranians as a handy source of cash. Says INS Deputy General Counsel Paul Schmidt: "The attitude taken by some schools is 'As long as the foreigner pays his tuition, so what if he drops out after three weeks?' " The INS is empowered to remove the accreditation from institutions that violate immigration regulations, but not once has it done so. Nor has it ever brought a criminal prosecution against an offending college.

In the wake of Carter's deportation order, the INS has assigned more than half of its investigators to the Iranians. Teams are now moving onto campuses to make sure that all Iranian students are registered by the Dec. 14 deadline.

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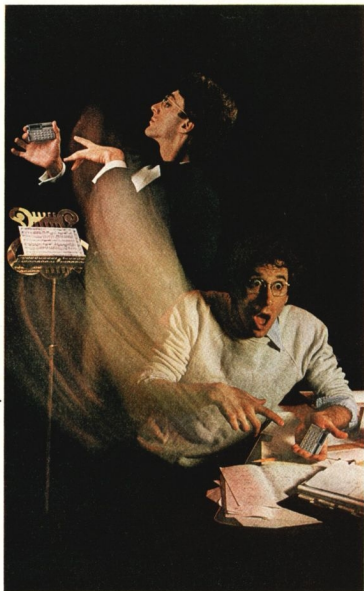
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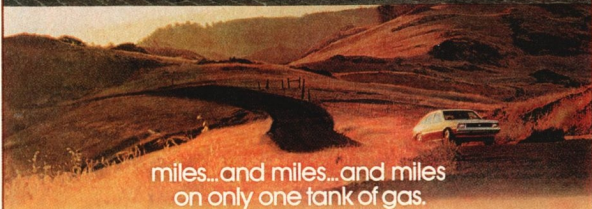
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Nation

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The Forge of Leadership

Schools are responding with varying degrees of enthusiasm. In the Southwest, colleges have generally welcomed the INS. But in California INS investigators have been banned from some campuses, among them Stanford, U.C.L.A. and U.S.C., although these schools have made appointments for Iranian students at local INS offices. Clark Coan, director of foreign student services at the University of Kansas, says that his office has made contact with most of the 269 Iranians on campus. But if some fail to show up to register, Coan adds, "we won't go out and hunt them down. That's an INS problem."

Iranians have shown every sign of fighting deportation. Their effort is helped by court decisions of recent years, which have made it harder for the Government to deport aliens, whatever their offense. An Iranian threatened with deportation can appeal to an INS administrative judge. If that fails, he can go before a federal court. A skillful attorney can drag out proceedings for years. Says David Carliner, a leading immigration lawyer: "The Bill of Rights applies to aliens—even illegal aliens—just as much as it does to U.S. citizens."

Three Iranian students last week filed a class-action suit in Federal District Court in Washington challenging the constitutionality of the Carter deportation program on the grounds that it discriminates against one nationality group. The suit, which asks for an injunction against the program, was supported by two leftist organizations: the Socialist Workers Party and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. The American Civil Liberties Union is expected to bring a similar suit this week. Says the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame: "Iranian students in this country have the same rights as any others, and it seems a little picky to be looking at them now."

That viewpoint, however, overlooks the fact that Iran is quite savagely picking on the U.S. In an effort to save Americans taken hostage in clear violation of international law and precedent, the Administration surely has a right to demand that Iranian students in the U.S. observe American laws and regulations.

Despite the outrages committed on Americans in Iran, Americans at home have largely managed to control their indignation. There have been only a few isolated attacks on Iranians. Two weeks ago, the Greenville Technical College in South Carolina voted to bar all 104 of its Iranian students from re-enrolling in the winter quarter. But after a warning from the state attorney general and other authorities, the college last week reinstated the students. Iranians will doubtless find a more permissive attitude in the U.S. when—and if—the American hostages are released unharmed from the embassy in Tehran. ■

For 34 months Jimmy Carter has been in training for these hours. There is nothing else that Presidents do that depends so much on the collected wisdom and the seasoned instincts of one man. Nor is there anything so lonely.

Those feet-up gab sessions, those earnest White House breakfasts that are so much a part of domestic politics, are of no account in a dilemma like Iran. It is almost pure decision making from dawn to dawn. There are meetings constantly, but there is always something oddly uncollegial about them. When power is employed, the resolve and foresight of the President are the main ingredients. Without those the apparatus does not work.

For all of the coziness of the White House, the men and women who come there for conference represent narrow interests in other parts of the Government. Only the President can define the national purpose and galvanize his people to pursue it.

He is the man who has heard the voices of foreign leaders and looked into their eyes, and must judge their words and meanings and their resolve. He is the only person with the power, the information and the duty to judge that moment when the interests of the U.S. and the free world weigh more heavily than the safety of the hostages. It is an awesome responsibility, understood only by those few men who have had to order others to risk their lives.



Carter returning from Camp David

The President is sovereign because the law makes him that way, but also because time forces him to be. He is the only person who can move fleets and make diplomatic challenges. The U.S. is the only power in the free world that can orchestrate some events around the globe to bring pressure on the sore point.

The silence from Congress and the media has been deafening and gratifying. The word is that the President is upset at the timidity and hesitation of some of his foreign policy advisers, that he is disappointed in the reluctance of allies to give help more openly, that he is appalled by the irresponsibility of the Ayatollah Khomeini. There is nothing new in any of these crisis elements, only in their degree and the context in which they occur.

Henry Kissinger once wrote that in almost every crisis there was never enough information available at the time action was required. Presidents had to move on instinct. And with every President since Harry Truman, when the orders went out and the troops moved, the U.S.

was very much by itself. "Where are my friends?" Lyndon Johnson used to wonder on many a night when he was bogged down in Viet Nam after having been urged on by Asian allies. Richard Nixon, once described as being tougher than a boiled owl, knew better. He never expected much help in anything he did.

While Carter's steadiness in this crisis is outwardly apparent, what has happened inside him during these past days will have a profound effect on U.S. policy once we emerge from this trauma. Because Jimmy Carter, like all Presidents before him in recent years, has had to come back in the end to rely on plain old American military might. The men like John Foster Dulles, who restructured international relations after World War II, never had any doubts about the use of power, since they had seen how weakness invited aggression and defiance. President Carter, and a lot of others, thought he might modify that idea a bit. His notion that he could reduce our garrisons abroad, cut our defense spending and relax our vigilance over the world's troublemakers, like Fidel Castro, is surely being mocked by today's events. The betting here is that Carter is among those who have changed the most.

Indeed, the glimpses we have had of a creased brow and angry eyes may be some of the best news yet from the White House. For too long in this Administration and too often in the past, we have been given pictures of a President in crisis who was cool and collected standing at the helm. Now we see a man who is hurt and wrathful about what the world has dealt him and wondering about those he had counted on. Such flashes of truth can be the final forge of leadership.

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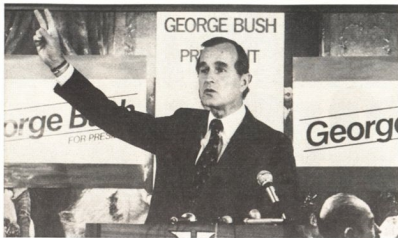


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Between forays in Iowa, the candidate raises money in Lubbock, Texas

George Is Coming On Strong

With charm and zeal, Bush gains the GOP's front four

No one was ever really against him, but few people were really for George Bush when he started his campaign for the Republican nomination. Now, after doing better than expected in trial runs in Maine and Florida, he is attracting increasing attention. TIME National Political Correspondent John Stacks traveled to Iowa with the long shot. His report:

The candidate's small, chartered airplane taxis to the tiny terminal building in Spencer, Iowa, (pop. 12,000). George Bush, former CIA director, former envoy to Peking, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, former Ambassador to the U.N. and former Congressman from Houston, unfolds himself from his seat and steps down onto the tarmac. No cheering throngs greet him. Unperturbed, he shakes hands with his few supporters. Then Bush climbs into a large black Cadillac owned by Lee Holt, Spencer's premier car dealer. Holt and Bush cruise off into the failing light, down arrow-straight roads, past cornfields dusted with the season's first snow.

This is the loneliness of the long-shot candidacy. George Bush, 55, has lived this life for nearly two years, pursuing the presidency of the United States. He has traveled nearly half a million miles in 38 states, an effort that has brought him no higher than fourth in nationwide public opinion polls among Republicans. But in the past few weeks George Herbert Walker Bush has managed to shorten the odds considerably. The Republican field of ten candidates has plainly divided into the big four and the minor six. Bush is firmly part of that top rank, along with Ronald Reagan, still the front runner, John Connally and Howard Baker.

Bush has emerged as the main chal-

lenger to Reagan in what will be the first serious clash of the long pre-convention struggle: on Jan. 21 Iowa will hold caucuses in 2,531 precincts, the initial step in the process by which the states' Republicans will choose their delegates. Bush has even managed to beat Reagan in some straw votes. Says Connally Iowa Chairman David Readinger: "I think Bush has a chance to win it here."

Beginning early this year, Bush began to put together an Iowa organization that now includes ten full-time employees and will spend nearly \$300,000. He already has a co-ordinator in place in 68 of the 99 counties. To mobilize his organization, Bush has crisscrossed Iowa eleven times this year, spending 17 days in the state. Reagan, on the other hand, has spent about ten hours there.

In his speeches, Bush takes standard conservative positions. He wants to limit federal spending and to reduce regulations, while cutting taxes in ways to increase investment. He favors decontrol of energy prices and wants a windfall profits tax on the oil companies with a "plow-back" provision to encourage research and exploration. In foreign affairs, Bush says he would take strong stands against what he calls the Soviet Union's "very aggressive quest for hegemony."

On his latest foray into Iowa, Bush's strengths and weaknesses were on display. In the town of Spencer, Bush, the graduate of Andover and Yale, moves easily among several score Republicans assembled at a modest country club fund raiser. The tall, poised figure in the Brooks Brothers suit sips beer out of a pilsner

glass and chats easily. In a short speech he asserts his optimism about the results in the coming caucuses. But the New England aristocrat (his father was a wealthy businessman and U.S. Senator from Connecticut) turned Texas oilman seemed patronizing when discussing that heritage. Said Bush: "They say I'm a patrician. I don't even know what the word means. I'll have to look it up." He also looks down on Jimmy Carter: "It's a shame for the presidency to have that little guy in there. He's got no class. And I don't mean in a social sense."

Early the next morning an overflow crowd jams a \$125-a-plate breakfast in Omaha, the staging point for a swing through western Iowa. It is only 8:30, but Bush, once a dud on the stump, is wound up. The veins on his neck are standing out and his eyes are flashing as he condemns the quality of Jimmy Carter's aides.

Campaign Manager David Keene is understandably pleased by Bush's new vigor as a speaker. Explains he: "At the beginning he was not in stride. Now he's saying what he thinks. It used to be that two out of ten of his speeches were good. Now it's seven out of ten."

Bush has employed his year of grassroots campaigning to take supporters in Iowa from the camps of Reagan and Connally. He actually seems to enjoy the grind, maintaining a good humor, bantering easily with aides and joking about some of the absurdities in politics. Describing his carefully balanced position on abortion (he is against a constitutional amendment to prohibit it but also opposes spending federal money on it), he mockingly calls the stance "heroic."

At times Bush seems surprised at the support he has been getting. When he finished third to Reagan and Connally at an unofficial Florida "convention" (see following story), Bush did not believe an aide reporting the results. In his confusion, the candidate could not find his glasses so that he could read the tallies himself. "Count 'em again," he said. "Count 'em again."

However he does in Iowa, Bush still must prove he is more popular in his party than the other Reagan challengers and then must prove himself able to take on Reagan himself. Manager Keene is right in saying: "He is well positioned within the party to take advantage of anyone's slip-ups. His cultural background makes him acceptable to the moderates and the Establishment and his politics are basically conservative." The candidate himself is looking ahead. Says Bush: "After doing well in Iowa, we're going to blow some of those bigger shots out of the water."



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Oldsmobile

HAVE ONE BUILT FOR YOU.

A Cattle Show in Florida

Much ado about nothing under the Kissimmee sun

Whether they are called beauty contests or cattle shows, they are silly, exhausting and largely pointless, and everyone knows it, especially the candidates who have to go along with the foolishness, or risk offending a group of voters, or let a rival get a step on them. Thus the presidential candidates have already suffered through a series of mock votes and straw polls of one kind or another. The latest was a "convention" thought up by an advertising man to steal a beat on the New Hampshire primary and hype interest among Republicans. Most of the "delegates" were chosen by lot, and the frolic had no status whatsoever. The report of TIME's Miami correspondent Richard Woodbury:

I might have been Walt Disney World, which lay just across a grimy interstate. Outside the hotel where the happening occurred, giant hot-air balloons wafted under a blazing autumn sun. Dixieland bands strutted down walkways, and characters in Indian headdresses, space-shuttle caps and Abe Lincoln garb wandered about. Under an Australian pine by a swimming pool, a stocky old gentleman in a rumpled blue suit discoursed on farm policy. He said his name was Harold Stassen and he was once again running for President.

So was about everyone else. There was Bob Dole, working the Frito-and-cheese table in Kissimmee Hall and predicting, "When all the rhetoric has died, I will be your nominee." Phil Crane declared optimistically, "This gives me the chance to break out of the crowd." His blue plastic hard hats were popular souvenirs, and he easily won the battle of first impressions. Planted at the hotel entrance, a giant derrick greeted delegates with the sign, CARTER GOT US INTO THIS MESS. IT WILL TAKE A CRANE TO PULL U.S. OUT.

John Connally gulped honey to ease a sore larynx and sent out his sons John and Mark and daughter Sharon to dispense hats and T-shirts that proclaimed, CONNALLY—LEADERSHIP FOR AMERICA. The three blazer-clad sons of George Bush were everywhere, dispensing charm to win last-minute conversions. "Consider my dad. He's going to knock 'em dead," said Neil, 24, pumping delegates' arms.

Everyone played the game of one-upmanship. Connally dispatched a yellow rose of Texas to each delegate's room. Dole airlifted in 700 red roses from North Carolina, which were passed out by his wife and daughter; and he procured a ma-son, hot-air balloon. Bush got not one

but two balloons and rode in one himself. He offered rides, but few delegates could summon the courage to accept. When South Dakota Senator Larry Pressler invited delegates on an early morning jog, Bush, taking his wife and boys along, ran farther in a separate jaunt and served breakfast afterward.

Howard Baker canceled his appearance, citing a speaking commitment in Iowa, but he had some operatives on hand who were handing out double shots of



Crane giving Crane a lift outside convention hotel
Dixieland bands, red roses and a lot of hot air.

whisky to assuage the delegates' feelings. There was even a watering hole for Al Haig, who did not make it either and whose name was not even on the ballot.

Still, there was an electric excitement in the gathering despite the frivolity. The delegates were largely middle-aged and up, an assortment of party faithful from all 67 of Florida's counties. Many had come long distances at the break of day, and they felt they were important, part of a vital political process. They were thrilled to see their party's leaders. "I don't know how to describe it without getting chills," said Mary Lane, a sixtyish real estate agent. "Most exciting thing that's happened to the party in years," agreed Mary Ruhl, 58, a retired schoolteacher.

At a smoke-filled reception, Dole was holding forth on inflation and foreign policy. "How about all those crooks and stealing in government, Senator?" boomed an oldtimer. "I'm against them," Dole shot back with a wry grin. "Here, Mark. Get my picture quick!" yelled a young blond named Susie, tossing an Instamatic to her boyfriend. She fought her way through the crush of ogles around Crane until she was at the candidate's side. Crane was saying something important about the Ayatollah and lack of leadership, but it seemed to be lost on Susie and others.

Connally, who poured the most effort and money—an estimated \$300,000—into the race, staked his chances for victory on a question-and-answer session on the eve of the voting. But the Texan had trouble being heard because of the noise of the Bush band next door. Baggy-eyed and drawn, Connally sat in his suite in a beige chair as the time for balloting approached. Someone mentioned the morning line from Vegas, and Connally quickly wanted to know the odds. "Eleven to ten, Reagan. Take your pick," was the reply. The big man stretched and grinned with satisfaction.

Ronald Reagan had downplayed the affair as "meaningless," and waited until 40 minutes before the pre-voting speeches before sweeping into town at the head of an enormous press entourage. He approached the podium behind Rosie O'Grady's Good-Time Jazz Band, and the cheering lasted for six minutes. Reagan needed only ten minutes for his speech attacking Big Government and urging a tough foreign policy.

The other candidates did their best. Sore throat and all, Connally roused the crowd like a cheerleader: "Let me hear the voices that want to win the White House!" With his staccato delivery, Bush galvanized the delegates as he ticked off the jobs he had held, including head of the CIA, and declared, "It's time we got off the back of the CIA and the FBI." He described himself as a realist. "I see the world as it really is," he declared. "And it's tough out there." He appealed for his listeners' help: "I can make it, but I can't do it without you."

Then the delegates filed out to punch their voting cards. The results: Reagan, 34.4%; Connally, 26.6%; Bush, 21.1%; Crane, 13.8%; Baker and Dole less than 1%. Bush's finish was the surprise of the weekend. Reagan left before the results were announced. As the delegates departed, the loudspeaker system was playing his canned thank-you speech, which echoed eerily through the empty hall. Harold Stassen got one vote. Another cattle show was over.

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Nation

Miracle Worker

A nun gives Haiti A Thanksgiving gift

An Episcopal nun now stationed in Boston had a very special Thanksgiving last week—and so did the people she had helped. In 1951 Sister Anne Marie Bickstaff, a native of Richmond, Va., had gone to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to teach at a missionary school. She became impressed by the musical ability of some of her students, and was distressed that the island had no music school, no concert hall and no national orchestra.

Sister Anne Marie set to work. Telling all who would listen that "I am certain the good Lord and good friends will

hear me," she began rounding up used instruments. She organized the most promising students from her Holy Trinity Missionary School into a group and persuaded a local customs inspector to serve as conductor.

As word of the nun's project spread, small donations began flowing in from around the world. By 1971 the orchestra had become known as the Holy Trinity Philharmonic. The nun even persuaded members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to visit Haiti to work with the Philharmonic. In 1976 she managed to raise \$60,000 to send the 60-member orchestra to Tanglewood, the summer home of the Boston Symphony in the Massachusetts Berkshires.

Last week, on Thanksgiving Day,



Mother Anne Marie

Haiti finally got its concert hall and music school. Diplomats and Haitian Cabinet members were present for the dedication of the building, which contains a 500-seat auditorium. Five members of the Boston Symphony were also there, and, of course, was Sister Anne Marie. The nun is now the mother superior of the Society of St. Margaret in Boston. "She is a fantastic woman," said Haitian Composer Ferrere Laguerre. "Very persistent, with great persuasive powers."

To build the Holy Trinity School of Music, the nun had raised \$175,000. Asked why she would spend so much money on music in such a poor nation, Mother Anne Marie replied: "We must feed the soul as well as the body."

Americana



Take the Money and Dun

Let other banks give toasters and electric blankets to their customers. Carl Cochran got something better. Two months ago, a local branch of the Bank of America credited the San Francisco freelance writer with more than \$4,000 in an account that, he jokes, usually has a balance of "about \$6.15." Cochran claims he informed a teller of the mistake, but the bank insisted the amount was correct. Exasperated, Cochran withdrew the funds and notified bank officials that he was holding their money hostage. Then, in a spirit that would be cheered by millions of Americans who have dined with a bank's computer and lost, he listed his demands. The cash would be returned if the bank:

- ▶ Straightened out his account.
- ▶ Paid him a \$1,000 service charge for the trouble he had been through.
- ▶ Pledged that an apology for the foul-up would be delivered to his apartment "by the biggest bigwig the Bank of America can conveniently locate."
- ▶ Promised to have at least three tellers on duty in the branch he uses when lines are long.

Cochran added that "for each day my demands are not met, I will use portions of the money being held hostage to support my junk-food habit."

The bank, which has finally figured out what went wrong, is threatening to sue for the money's return. Cochran still holds the cash hostage. "I'm working," he says, "on some new demands."

Pulling the Plug

To the list of individualists that Boston's Beacon Hill has nurtured over the centuries, add Richard White, 24, a day laborer, writer and naturalist who shuns, literally, current affairs: his apartment on Myrtle Street has no electricity or gas. He explains: "I eat only natural food, and I buy enough to last me only a day, so I don't need a refrigerator. I don't need gas because I don't believe in heating food. It destroys the nutrients."

Last year, when White decided he wanted no electricity, his meter was removed. Last month, on unrelated business, a housing inspector came by and politely asked him to turn on the lights so he could get a better look. No lights, said White. Informed that he had 24 hours to get the juice back on or he would face a fine of up to \$500 a day, White asked for a hearing. But the Boston housing inspection department reread its regulations and last week decided that White had a point. He is still in the dark, leaving Housing Inspection Director Frank Henry thoroughly mystified. "Today," he said, "the average person wants lights on." It was noted that the naturalist had no radio or TV. "Well," said Henry, "maybe he's ahead, huh?"



Naval Bombardment

Keith Mahosky, 20, is a second classman at the U.S. Naval Academy who winks back when opportunity smiles. His latest chance came in a contest sponsored by WBKZ, a Baltimore radio station. The challenge was to identify ten songs and singers from excerpts of tunes played on the air. The winner would get \$10,000 worth of gold and silver jewelry.

The musical quiz turned out to be a snap for Mahosky, who, with the help of five academy friends, set out to rig the odds in his favor. They chipped in a total of \$100, paid a printer to run off 75,000 copies of Mahosky's entry, and deposited them at WBKZ.

They all went into the drum, along with 65,000 other correct entries, and was pulled the winning form—one signed by the midshipman.

Mahosky and his friends have already picked up their prize. "Part of the jewelry will go to charity, part we'll sell for taxes," says Mahosky, "and part we'll keep as an investment." Meanwhile, the sextet plans to continue harmonizing. Says Mahosky: "We're looking for some sort of similar contest."

World

MIDDLE EAST

Sacrilege in Mecca

Agony and hysteria as zealots seize the Sacred Mosque

It was as great a sacrilege to devout Muslims as an attack on Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulchre would be to Christians, or a profanation of the Wailing Wall would be to Orthodox Jews. Last week, a day before the beginning of the Islamic New Year, a mysterious band of Muslim fanatics seized the Sacred Mosque of Mecca, taking an unknown number of hostages. At week's end, the situation at the Sacred Mosque was unclear. Government officials in Riyadh said that Saudi armed forces, including the crack National Guard commanded by Prince Abdullah ibn Abdul Aziz, were in "complete control" of the mosque. Other sources, however, suggested that some of the invaders were holding out.

Yet the violent anti-Western, anti-American reaction of the mobs reflected the uncertain currents of emotional fervor that the Ayatullah has helped loose within the volatile world of Islam.

The Sacred Mosque is a gigantic holy place that can hold as many as 300,000 worshippers. At the center of its courtyard, which is 40 acres in size, is the Ka'ba. Muslims believe that this cube-shaped structure, covered always by a black cloth embroidered in gold, was erected to God by Abraham and that it was cleansed of idols by the Prophet Muhammad in A.D. 630. The Ka'ba is the chief focus of prayer and ritual during the hajj, the annual pilgrimage that this year drew more than 2 million Muslims to Mecca.

chine guns, hand grenades and daggers.

The group was led by a man in his early twenties, whose name was said to be Mohammed Abdullah al-Utaibah. At the beginning of the call to prayer, the young man asked the imam who was leading the service to declare him the new Mahdi—the Islamic messiah. According to the belief of some Muslims, the Mahdi is supposed to appear during the new century. The imam refused; in the ensuing scuffle his assistant was shot and killed. "We are the followers of the Savior," cried the invaders, as they charged across the great square and surrounded the Ka'ba. A similar attack was attempted that morning at the Prophet's Mosque in Medina, 200 miles to the north, but that assault failed because authorities learned of it in advance.

When word of the invasion reached Riyadh, Saudi Arabia's King Khalid ordered the cutting of all telephone and telex lines to the outside world until he could establish whether the gunmen were connected with any outside group. Then, as required by Islamic law, his government sought the permission of the 'ulama, the religious leadership, to make a counterattack. Reason: the Shari'a (Islamic canon law) prohibits the shedding of blood in holy places, but the rule can be suspended if the clergymen agree that there is sufficient justification. After several hours of deliberation, the 'ulama gave the King unprecedented powers to stage a battle within the Sacred Mosque.

Government helicopters by then had begun dropping tear gas on the besieged holy place. In the great courtyard, the attackers were haranguing their hostages to proclaim Mohammed Abdullah al-Utaibah the promised messiah. But they fled in panic to the upper floors of the mosque and its seven minarets when National Guard troops suddenly burst through the gates of the mosque and armored vehicles with artillery and machine guns quickly encircled the Ka'ba. To minimize damage to the mosque, the government had ordered its troops to move in with knives and to use them in hand-to-hand combat, with the backing of snipers and expert marksmen.

During the three days of the siege, the identity of the attackers remained unknown. The first rumor that spread through the Arab world was that the invaders were Iranian Shi'ites who had been



Saudi Arabian National Guardsmen, in ceremonial headdress and khaki uniform, on parade
Punishment for those who were captured in the mosque would be "swift and fatal."

News of the incident set off a wave of anger and hysteria throughout the Muslim world. There were outrageous rumors, later spread by no less a figure than Iran's Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, that the U.S. and Israel were behind the attack. Enraged mobs from Turkey to Bangladesh attacked American diplomatic missions and staged anti-American demonstrations. Most serious was the rioting in Pakistan, where two American servicemen were killed in the burning of the U.S. embassy in Islamabad. The attack on the Sacred Mosque probably had no direct connection with the recent events in Iran.

Last Tuesday marked the eve of the first day of the year 1400, according to the Islamic calendar. Accounts of the mosque takeover vary, but it appears that a band of about 200 armed men entered the courtyard, filled with 50,000 worshippers, shortly before the start of dawn prayers. The men wore the traditional black robes and red-and-white checked headaddresses of the National Guard irregulars. They carried coffins—a common enough sight, since mourners often bring coffins to the mosque for dawn prayers before burial. These coffins apparently contained pistols, rifles, subma-

influenced by Khomeini's recent calls for a general uprising by Muslim fundamentalists. Others speculated that the terrorists were members of an extreme Mahdist sect aligned with the Shi'ites. Still others said they were not Shi'ites at all but fanatical Sunni purists known as Wahhabis. At week's end, with the Riyadh regime saying nothing publicly, the best guess of Western intelligence experts was that the attackers were members of the 'Utaibah tribe, a migratory Sunni group that still wanders with its herds of goats and sheep between Mecca and Riyadh. The group apparently is small in number and represents no serious political threat to the House of Saud.

Events in Mecca were being followed closely and with great concern in Tunisia, where 20 Arab heads of state, plus Palestine Liberation Organization Chief Yasser Arafat, had gathered for their annual meeting. An honor guard wearing plumed gold helmets presented arms with drawn swords as the leaders trooped into Tunis' Palais de Congrès for a summit that one Kuwaiti delegate predicted would be a "love feast." He meant that there would be no public arguments about divisive subjects and that the leaders would merely reaffirm their opposition to Egyptian President Anwar Sadat for signing the Camp

David accords with Israel.

News of the attack on the mosque ended any love feast. Crown Prince Fahd, who headed the Saudi delegation, briefly debated whether to fly home to Riyadh to help resolve the crisis. The Saudis were quick to suspect the troublemaking hand of Libya's Muammar Gaddafi, who had shunned the summit meeting because, he said, he "no longer believes in heads-of-state conferences." In the delegates' lounge, one persistent rumor was that the CIA had staged the Mecca siege in order to justify the sending of U.S. Navy vessels to the Persian Gulf in the current Iranian crisis.

For most Muslims, it was hard to imagine that a group of their own fellow believers would desecrate Islam's holiest shrine. Contemplating the early rumor that Khomeini-inspired Iranian Muslims had been involved, one Saudi delegate gloomily speculated that a holy war was breaking out between the Sunni and Shi'ite branches of Islam.



Saudi Arabia's Prince Abdullah

That prospect, of course, is most unlikely, but there is no doubt that the predominantly Sunni Saudis are seriously worried about the potential impact of the Ayatullah's revolution on political alignments in the Middle East. One solid piece of evidence: the moderate, pro-Western Saudis are in the process of forging new bonds of friendship with the radically socialist, violently anti-Israeli regime of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. Both countries are alarmed that some of Khomeini's followers are talking about exporting the Shi'ite revolution to vulnerable neighboring countries—Bahrain,

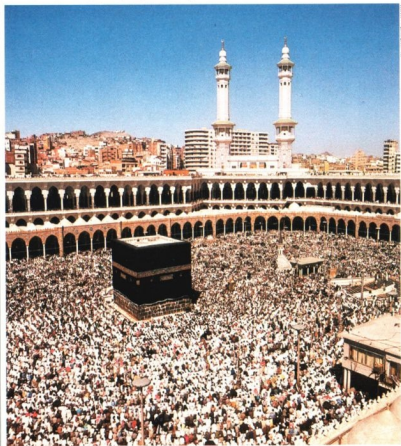
Kuwait, and the United Arab Emirates. Saudi Arabia has a minority Shi'ite population centered in the Eastern Province, where most of its oil is produced. Iraq has a Sunni leadership, in Hussein's Baath Party, ruling a restless, predominantly Shi'ite population. So Hussein is as anxious as the Saudis to maintain the status quo.

Anything that smacks of domestic turbulence upsets the Saudis, and they tried hard last week to play down the significance of the attack on the Sacred Mosque. When it was over, an official in Riyadh said, punishment of the zealots would be "swift and final"—meaning, presumably, execution by the sword.

■ ■ ■

Two years to the day after his historic visit to Jerusalem, the main object of the Arab summit's scorn, Anwar Sadat, raised the red, white and black flag of Egypt at the foot of historic Mount Sinai. The mountain, and 600 sq. mi. in the eastern Sinai, had just been returned to Cairo's sovereignty by Israel, but ceremonies observing the event were very low keyed. Premier Menachem Begin had declined Sadat's invitation to join him at the mountain, saying he was too busy, and the Egyptian President had scrapped earlier plans for a star-studded entertainment extravaganza. In fact, he did not even lay the cornerstone for his oft-promised shrine honoring Islam, Judaism and Christianity. Sadat simply asked the world's people "to observe the teachings of God and the tradition of his messengers for the promotion of fraternity and the elimination of bloodshed."

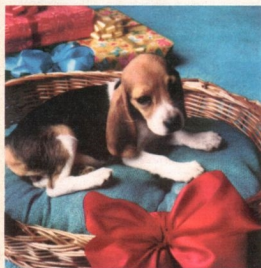
Sadat and his official party, which included former U.S. Envoy Robert Strauss, were then driven to nearby St. Catherine's monastery. There the Egyptian President was shown the site where Moses, according to tradition, saw God in a burning bush. Sadat was given a three-foot tendril snipped from a plant growing on the spot. Upon his departure, the site of the flag-raising ceremonies swiftly emptied. The monks were left to their silence and their prayers.



Muslim pilgrims at prayer surround the Ka'ba within the Sacred Mosque in Mecca

Looking like worshipers, the invaders bore pistols, rifles, submachine guns and grenades.

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**The 1980 Chrysler New Yorker.
Fifth Avenue Edition.**



World

CAMBODIA

Pol Pot's Lifeless Zombies

Brainwashed refugees from a brutal regime

Fleeing from famine and war, an estimated 560,000 homeless Cambodians are massed along their country's ill-defined western border with Thailand. Last week the Thai military command announced that the country would move most of the refugees from insecure frontier areas and establish huge camps to hold them. Thai officials contend that many of the Cambodians are actually inside their country already; even so, the 560,000 may be only part of an exodus even larger than the tragic flight of more than 700,000 refugees from Viet Nam.

At Khao I Dang in Thailand, seven miles from the frontier, international aid officials last week were hastily constructing a transit camp to hold 200,000 people; the camp will be able to provide rudimentary care for the sick and starving. While Thai workers with bulldozers and excavators were preparing 1.6 square miles of rolling grassland for the campsite and building latrines, the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees was trucking in food, medical supplies and relief personnel from Bangkok. As soon as the camp is fully staffed, the plan calls for bringing 10,000 refugees each day from the frontier, walking in groups of 200 at 15-min. intervals. At week's end, however, the plan had to be scrapped, when it was discovered that the first 5,000 refugees were too exhausted or too ill to walk the seven miles to the camp. Thai soldiers escorted the Cambodians half a mile to a red-clay highway, where buses and trucks, equipped with mattresses for the sick, were waiting to take them to Khao I Dang.

The most traumatized of all the refugees in Thailand are the Khmer Rouge soldiers, and the civilians who were forced to follow them into hideouts in border areas under pressure by the Vietnamese army that occupied Cambodia last January. These refugees, about 30,000 in all, are dramatic evidence of the human damage wrought by the murderous regime of ousted Premier Pol Pot.

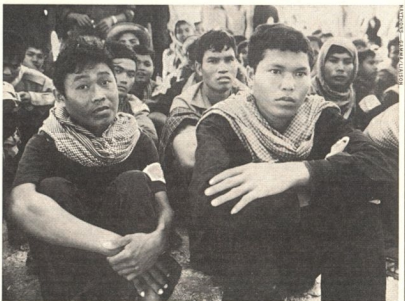
Aid officials and physicians have been astounded by the apathetic behavior of the Khmer Rouge refugees. Though no trained psychiatrists have examined them, they appear to be suffering the effects of drastic brainwashing, combined with extreme physical hardship and unrelieved fear. In an effort to create a radically new kind of human being, Pol Pot's Communist fanatics turned their subjects into zombie-like creatures whose will and capacity for human feeling seem all but extinguished.

TIME Hong Kong Bureau Chief Marsh Clark last week visited the Sakaew refugee camp in Thailand, 40 miles from the Cambodian border, where many of

the Khmer Rouge soldiers and civilians are concentrated. Cambodians are normally a voluble people; Clark was struck by the fact that the Khmer Rouge refugees said almost nothing. Terror, as much as exhaustion or illness, appeared to be the principal cause of their muteness. The ferocious and deeply feared *Angka* (literally, organization), represented by top-ranking Khmer Rouge cadres, had followed the civilians into exile. Under Pol Pot civilians were constantly warned not to make idle conversation; small children were trained to eavesdrop on their elders and report all conversations to *Angka* cadres. In a camp near Sa-



Cambodian refugee at Sakaew camp



Khmer Rouge soldiers and civilians who followed them across border to Sakaew

Suffering the effects of drastic brainwashing, combined with physical hardship and fear.

kaew, refugees are being watched by Khmer officers who try to make sure they give ideologically correct answers to foreigners' queries. One refugee who talked freely with her brother, a longtime émigré in Thailand, was shot in the hand as punishment by *Angka* representatives in the camp.

At Sakaew there are dozens of orphans, testifying to how brutally family ties were shattered under the Pol Pot regime. Most are children who were assigned to mobile work teams after their parents' murder by the Khmer Rouge. When questioned by refugee caseworkers, many said they did not miss their parents. Similarly, parents in the camp showed little or no interest in the children they brought with them to Thailand. In a makeshift maternity ward at Sakaew, a Red Cross volunteer, Midwife Judith Greenberg of Oakland, Calif., told Clark that the mothers appeared not to care whether their babies were born dead or alive. "Many of the exhausted and sick mothers don't hold their babies or even look at them. Yet they continue to procreate even under the difficult conditions they've been through."

Even more striking than the Khmer indifference toward life was their seeming indifference toward death. "When a family member dies, they take little notice," said a nurse. "They see death every day. They're very tough." One young man made no move to inform camp authorities when his wife died of cerebral malaria. As her body lay beside him beneath a blanket, he stared tearlessly into space. A Khmer Rouge soldier explained that the *Angka* never allowed them to cry. "We were not even allowed to say

we would miss the people who died."

Working in a medical ward at Sakaew is the wife of a Phnom-Penh doctor who had watched helplessly while her husband and two of their children were beaten to death shortly after the capital fell to the Khmer Rouge in 1975. The crime of the doctor and his children: they belonged to the intellectual class. Said the widow: "I didn't cry, for to have done so would have meant death for me and, more important, for my only surviving child. To cry would have meant that I disapproved of the Angka's decision to kill my husband and two children."

Perhaps the most shocking method that the Khmer Rouge used to enforce discipline was cannibalism. One refugee told a group of assembled Cambodians at Sakaew of an incident he had observed when adultery was considered a crime punishable by death. A married man and a pregnant woman wed to another man had been caught making love. The man was beaten to death. Then members of the local work team were forced to watch the woman's execution. Recalled the witness: "She was killed by a blow to the back of her neck. Then her stomach was cut open and the baby was taken out. It was alive and crying. The Khmer Rouge held the baby up by the heels and asked who among us would raise the child. None of us volunteered, for to do so would mean we approved of the adultery. The child was dashed to the ground, and the Khmer Rouge cut it open, removed its liver and fried it to eat."

When this story was told to the refugees, they began to laugh. One result of the brutalization of the Khmer Rouge is their sometimes perverse response to death and disease in the camp. Jossif Sack, one of six volunteer Israeli doctors at Sakaew, told Clark: "We can't figure it out. When I am treating a patient here and causing pain, everyone starts to laugh. Is there something in their personality that makes them laugh when they see people dying or in pain?"

It remains to be seen whether the new refugees headed for Thai camps are suffering from the profound psychological damage evidenced by the Khmer Rouge and their civilian followers. But for almost all the refugees the future is unbelievably bleak. The majority have no relatives or other ties abroad, and thus they will find it difficult to emigrate. Many have no skills and no training of any kind. Few of the children can read and write. Living in a universe that is totally circumscribed by the agonies they have endured, they know nothing whatever of the outside world. During Rosalynn Carter's visit to Sakaew three weeks ago, a journalist asked a group of Cambodian refugees: "What do you think of Mrs. Carter?" The reply: "Who is Mrs. Carter?" "President Carter's wife," the newsman said. The rejoinder: "Who is President Carter?" ■

CANADA

A "Softy" Says Farewell

Trudeau resigns as Liberal Party leader

Since his party was turned out of office by Joe Clark's Progressive Conservatives six months ago, Pierre Elliott Trudeau has rarely sported a boutonniere. But as he addressed the weekly caucus of Liberal Party M.P.s in Ottawa last week, a bright yellow rose was attached to his lapel. In a halting voice, Trudeau began to read from a prepared statement: "I am announcing today that after spending nearly twelve years as leader of the Liberal Party, I am stepping down." Then he broke down in tears, explaining: "Well, you always knew I was a softy." That got a standing ovation from his Liberal colleagues, who knew him as a quick-witted, sometimes abrasive figure during eleven years as Canada's Prime Minister.

Clark's shaky new government. In two by-elections last week, Conservative candidates were defeated, thereby shaving the Tories' working majority in the 282-member House of Commons to a razor-thin one vote. The Conservatives have narrowly turned back three recent votes of no-confidence, but it is unlikely that Clark will call a new election for a bigger mandate until after the Liberals decide on Trudeau's successor, probably next spring. The Liberals will most likely follow their pattern of alternating French with English leaders. The foremost contenders: former Finance Minister John Turner, 50, a bilingual Toronto lawyer who resigned from Trudeau's Cabinet in 1975, and Donald Macdonald, 47, a Toronto attorney



Clark striding confidently into Parliament

Bored with his job, but still ready to fight against separatism.



Trudeau after tearfully resigning

Trudeau, 60, did not spell out his reasons for relinquishing the Liberal leadership; yet it was clear from his lackluster performance as the top spokesman of the opposition that he was bored with the job. Liberal stalwarts in western Canada were dismayed two weeks ago when he begged off from a party gathering because he had "the flu." Their dismay turned to anger when they saw in their newspapers a photograph of Trudeau cantering into a Manhattan disco. His estranged wife, Margaret, who once frequented such night spots, has bought a townhouse in Ottawa to be near the couple's three young sons.

Many Liberals believed that voters had become so disenchanted with Trudeau that as long as he remained leader the party stood no chance of unseating

neither who also served as Trudeau's Minister of Finance until two years ago.

In his farewell statement to the nation, Trudeau declared: "Wherever I am or whatever I do, I will continue to work and fight for our country." That referred to his bitter opposition to the long postponed referendum in which Quebec's Separatist Premier René Lévesque will ask for a mandate to negotiate a vaguely defined "sovereignty-association" for his province with the rest of Canada. Lévesque's *Parti Québécois*, it now appears, could lose the referendum. In three by-elections to the provincial Parliament two weeks ago, candidates were decisively defeated by Liberals, whose leader in Quebec, Claude Ryan, is an unbending opponent of separatism. ■

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World

SOUTH AFRICA

Putting a Pretty Face on Apartheid

Prime Minister Botha seeks support for "good neighborliness"

Flanked by his Cabinet, South Africa's Prime Minister P.W. Botha, 63, stood up in a hall in Johannesburg last week and made an unprecedented appeal. His basic goal was unstated but well understood by his audience of 250 English-speaking businessmen, who have long dominated South Africa's economic life. Botha outlined a new policy that would end the harsher restrictions of apartheid, South Africa's all-encompassing system of racial laws, and provide fresh economic opportunities by allowing corporations to employ the country's blacks in heretofore restricted jobs. Political power, of course, would be left firmly in white hands. At the end of his daylong summit with the business leaders, Botha seemed to have won them over. Declared Diamond Magnate Harry Oppenheimer, an influential critic of the Afrikaner regime: "I've got more hope for the future of South Africa than I've had for many, many years."

Botha's reforms are motivated by a conviction that majority-rule settlements in Namibia and Zimbabwe Rhodesia will present South Africa with an "adapt or die" situation. Urged by top military advisers, he has ordered a sweeping review of the restrictive laws, known as "petty apartheid," in an attempt to stave off an overwhelming onslaught from black African nations combined with mass rebellion by the country's 20 million blacks. To the howls of hard-line Afrikaners, the Prime Minister has proposed the "improvement" of laws prohibiting interracial sex and marriage. In order to create new jobs for blacks in the private sector, Botha's government will look the other way if companies violate the regulations that ban blacks from certain skills or positions in which they would supervise whites. In Johannesburg apartheid has been suspended to the point that most restaurants and theaters are racially mixed. These changes have been accompanied by a new set of code words. Botha speaks of "differentiation" between the races instead of "discrimination," "decentralization" instead of "separate development" and "equal opportunity" instead of "equality."

So far, South African blacks have reacted skeptically to Botha's proposals. Says Bishop Desmond Tutu, secretary-general of the South African Council of Churches: "He is talking about applying an inhuman system more humanely. Things are changing, but there has been no fundamental change." Black leaders and even the country's white legal Establishment were shocked last week when a judge in the sleepy Natal town of Pietermaritzburg handed down a death sen-

tence to James Mange, a militant, charged with plotting an attack on a police station. Mange was only the second person convicted of treason in South Africa since 1914; he was the first to be condemned in a case in which there was no loss of life.

Botha has also run into heated opposition from the *verkrampste* (rigid) wing of South Africa's ruling Nationalist Party. The solemn, humorless Prime Minister has been heckled as a "Judas" by Afrikaner audiences. In four parliamentary by-elections last month, more than half the eligible voters boycotted the balloting



Prime Minister P.W. Botha

as a sign of displeasure with the new policies. Former Cabinet Minister Connie Mulder has founded a new pro-apartheid Action Front for National Priorities that could attract the support of disillusioned Afrikaners during the next election.

Despite his proposed reform of petty apartheid, Botha has no intention of altering the long-range goal of Nationalist policy: maintaining white sovereignty in South Africa as head of a "constellation of states," that might include ten quasi-autonomous tribal homelands, as well as Zambia and Zimbabwe Rhodesia, as a bulwark against Communist expansion. If these measures fail to gain South Africa's security, some Afrikaners are contemplating more drastic steps. Predicted an influential Afrikaner last week: "In ten years' time, the army will appoint the civilians, and no one,

black or white, will have to vote."

In his first interview with an American publication since becoming Prime Minister a little over a year ago, Botha last week outlined his reforms to *TIME*. Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter. Seated behind a desk decorated with a statue of an early pioneer, the unsmiling Nationalist leader made clear that South Africa's reforms will in no way affect the principle of white sovereignty in a white state. Excerpts from the 90-min. talk:

Q. South Africa will soon find itself as the last white-governed state in Africa. What will the future be like?

A. The only way to deal with the future of South Africa is the way we started to deal with it, namely, to allow each proud people—Zulus, Xhosa, Sesotho—to achieve their self-determination and independence from South Africa. When you have arrived at that stage, you can bring together a constellation of southern African states working together on common interests. South Africa is not changing its policy to satisfy our critics. South Africa is developing in the way it is because we believe that by doing this, we shall become a constellation of states strong enough to withstand Communism.

Q. On a recent trip to the U.S., your Minister of Cooperation and Development, Piet Koornhof, said that apartheid is dead. What does that mean?

A. That is not quite correct. I was asked in Parliament what my attitude as Prime Minister was to the word apartheid. It is an Afrikaans word, and personally I think it cannot be properly translated. I prefer to use the term "good neighborliness" because that is what our policy is: good neighborliness of peoples governing themselves with mutual respect. I answered that the apartheid our enemies presented to the world was dead. I will see to it that our enemies do not succeed in creating the idea that we are a lot of racists.

Q. Your government has considered revising the Immorality Act, which bans interracial sex. What other departures from past policy do you envision?

A. All those acts or practices that are unnecessarily discriminatory should gradually be lifted, as people attain higher standards of living, as they develop their local facilities, as they develop their own townships; we are trying to get away from as many of those legacies of the past as are not necessary to maintain [the Afrika-

World

ners'] right of self-determination. The Immorality Act and the Mixed Marriages Act are not acts to insult any other people. They are acts that have existed all these years to protect colored and black women from being exploited by ruthless white men. If a white man wants to marry a colored or a black girl, it is for him to take the consequences, to live in the area where his wife lives and get used to it.

Q. Does that mean an end to statutory discrimination?

A. Let me be quite candid about that. It is the right of my people, the Afrikaner, the minority of English-speaking South Africans, the minority of Greeks, the minority of Portuguese, the minority of Italians and French in this country, to retain their cultures and to retain their schools wherever possible. Whites in South Africa want to live in their own communities, and it is their right. We are prepared to grant the right to blacks to live in their own communities. But we are not in favor of mixed communities. We will not deviate from that.

Q. What about voluntary integration: if blacks wanted to move into white neighborhoods or a white theater wanted to admit black customers?

A. Our attitude is that we grant theaters to every separate community. In cases where we cannot duplicate such facilities, we have an open theater where blacks and colored people can come with whites, and it works well. But I think that the black man also has a right to have, in his own community, his own halls for recreation and cultural activities.

Q. Another problem has been the attitude of black African countries that belong to the Organization of African Unity. In the past, they have refused to establish formal relations with South Africa because not enough was being done within your boundaries. How does your strategy hope to overcome these objections?

A. In spite of their protestations, O.A.U. trade with us is increasing. There is a gradual increase in trade between South Africa and many other African states. The proof of the pudding is in the eating and not in what people say.

Q. What happens then to urban blacks who are not in the homelands and who are subject to security legislation, pass arrests, harassment and restricted facilities?

A. We have a number of urban areas where black people are living, vast urban areas like Soweto. I don't believe that a Zulu living in Zululand and a Zulu living in Soweto are two different people. I think they belong to the same proud people, and I am prepared to ac-

cept that they must have rights. So we shall grant to the urban areas where blacks are living certain rights. We have made available to them certain facilities in housing, which is welcomed by most of them. Secondly, we will grant them local government so they will be able to control many aspects of their lives, and we have already granted them municipal status, and we may even be willing to go beyond the municipal level.

Q. But their complaint is that they will still be disenfranchised.

A. They are not represented in the white Parliament. That is correct. But they have their own parliaments. We have some urban blacks serving as ministers in their national states.

Q. Do you think that is enough to satisfy them?

"The apartheid our enemies presented to the world is dead."

A. No, I don't say it is enough. We are daily deliberating with these people, and from time to time new steps are taken as a result of these consultations. What do these people want? Better living conditions, which we are granting. Higher wages, along with higher productivity. We are training them. They want to share in the progress and prosperity of the country, and they are to a large extent sharing it. Our black people are free in South Africa. They have never been slaves like the black people in America.

Q. How do you think a black would answer that question, sir?

A. I will tell you how they answer it. They come into my office, and we speak to them as equals. The mayor of Soweto came here the other day with his whole council and made certain presentations to me because they wanted to show their good will toward us. They came here as equals, but by being equals in South Africa, we do not mean that the white man must sacrifice his life to live here.

Q. Even so, some whites fear that you are taking them too far. There have even been predictions that reaction to your plans might lead to the breakup of the National Party.

A. I don't think that is so serious. We have had 17 by-elections since I became Prime Minister and lost only one. At that rate, it will take the opposition 50 years to come into power.

Q. While refusing to adopt the policy for itself, South Africa supports one-man, one-vote majority rule in Zimbabwe Rhodesia and even Namibia. Why is your own situation in South Africa so different?

A. You cannot compare them with the Republic of South Africa. South West Africa does not belong to the Republic of South Africa. We were only the mandatory force. We accepted that if Rhodesia wants to become a new state on the principle of one-man, one-vote, we won't object to it because we aren't poking our noses into the affairs of Rhodesia. We never prescribe to Rhodesia what she should do. We help to create peaceful conditions in which they can come to terms with other international states who want us to cooperate.

Q. There have been indications that South Africa might intervene militarily to support the government of Prime Minister Abel Muzorewa.

A. We cannot stand idly by and allow a neighboring country to be forced at the point of a gun to accept a form of government that the people don't like. It is not in the interests of southern Africa for there to be chaos in Rhodesia because if people start running, as they did in Angola and Mozambique, they only run one way, and that is to South Africa. If I am asked by a properly elected government to help them, I will consider it sympathetically. We support all people who are well disposed toward us, and Bishop Muzorewa is an independent leader who is well disposed toward South Africa. Why should I be ill disposed to him? The Patriotic Front, on the other hand, are Communists, and I don't like Communists, whether they be in America or Rhodesia. I don't like them all over the world. I think [Communism] is a miserable policy and a miserable ideology.

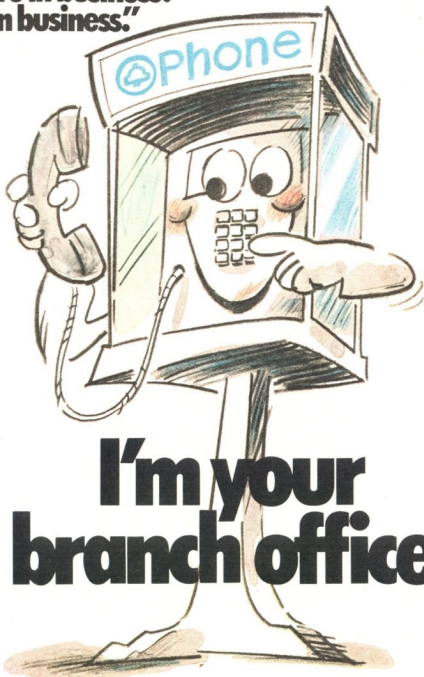
Q. So the difference is that South Africa is strong enough to withstand international pressure?

A. We are not prepared to commit suicide. That is the reply under any circumstances.

Q. And if acts of terrorism or a revolutionary campaign begins here?

A. We will crush them. We will stamp out any attempt to overthrow the state with the full force that we can collect. I am not going to stand for Communist efforts to overthrow the state. We will fight that tooth and nail.

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World

BRITAIN

The Spy with a Clear Conscience

Recollections of a Soviet agent stir up a political scandal

Watching and listening to the frail old aesthete on television, former Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan told the House of Commons last week, was like hearing "the rustle of dead leaves underfoot. I could hear those accents of someone from the 1930s."

That someone from the '30s was Anthony Blunt, 72, the Queen's former art curator and an unmasked Soviet spy, who had emerged from hiding to tell his side of a story that has blossomed into Britain's most dramatic spy scandal in years. Escorted by his lawyer, Blunt appeared at the offices of the London *Times* for a press conference with four carefully selected journalists that was filmed in part by the BBC and ITV. Offered a fortifying Scotch and a sumptuous lunch (smoked trout, veal, cheese, fruit salad and wine) by the *Times*, Blunt candidly admitted that he had been a "talent spotter" for Soviet intelligence at Cambridge University during the 1930s, and that he had provided secret information to Moscow while he worked for MI-5, the British counterintelligence agency, during World War II. Blunt said that he had been converted to Marxism at Cambridge by his close friend Guy Burgess. "I was persuaded that I could best serve the cause of antifascism by joining him in his work for the Russians." It seemed to him at the time, Blunt explained, that the Communist Party and the Soviet Union "constituted the only firm bulwark against fascism, since the Western democracies were taking an uncertain and compromising attitude toward Germany."

Blunt insisted that he had stopped spying for the Soviets in 1945, shortly before he was named surveyor of the King's pictures. Six years later, however, he got in touch with a Soviet contact "on behalf" of Burgess, a few days before his friend and Donald Maclean escaped to Moscow, just as British agents were closing in on them. But the man who actually tipped them off, Blunt insisted, was the so-called third man in the spy network, H.A.R. ("Kim") Philby. At week's end, Blunt confirmed that, at a later date, he had also contacted the Soviets on Philby's behalf. The former Sir Anthony (he was stripped two weeks ago of the knighthood awarded him in 1956) suggested that other spies who may have been in his group might still be at large.

Blunt had confessed his role in the spy ring to British counterintelligence agents in 1964; he clearly believed that the immunity from prosecution that he was given at the time in exchange for his further cooperation expiated his guilt. "I feel that I have acted according to my conscience," he said imperturbably. The most he would admit was that "my original

action in the 1930s was totally wrong."

Blunt's self-serving recollections raised numerous questions: How was it possible this confessed spy had been allowed to remain as a trusted adviser to the Queen, even though his expertise was in artistic rather than political matters? Did Her Majesty know of his espionage activities and, if not, why not? Sir Alec Douglas-Home, now Lord Home, who



Anthony Blunt en route to press conference
Reminiscences of a "talent spotter."

had been Tory Prime Minister when Blunt confessed, allowed that he had not been informed or even consulted when the security service decided to grant Blunt immunity from prosecution. His Attorney General had approved the deal and informed the Home Secretary, but the Prime Minister had been bypassed. That admission raised the question of how closely supervised are the intelligence agencies by high-level government ministers. Pointing up the issue of class, Labor M.P.s charged that the soft treatment accorded Blunt was evidence that Britain's "old boy" network was ever ready to protect one of its own from public wrath (see ESSAY). As Scottish M.P. William Ham-

ilton angrily put it, the upper-class establishment had been so determined to protect its members that it had allowed "an ex-public school boy, a homosexual and a traitor for 20 years" to operate within the gates of the palace. "I have never felt so sick, angry and frustrated."

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher tried to answer some of these questions during an extraordinary debate in the House. She said Britain's intelligence chiefs had not wished to tip off Blunt's former employers in Moscow that he had been caught by removing him from his royal curatorship. The security service had told the Queen's private secretary that Blunt was thought to be a Soviet agent; the secretary, however, was also advised that the Queen should not seek to remove him. Beyond that, Thatcher said, "the immunity was offered to Blunt to get information on Soviet penetration into the public services. Neither at the time nor since has there been any evidence on which he could be prosecuted. I am advised that a confession obtained as a result of an inducement would not be admissible as evidence in any prosecution." As for the intelligence services, Thatcher said that henceforth the Prime Minister would have to be informed of any decision involving immunity from prosecution in national-security cases.

Thatcher's position was upheld by two of her predecessors as Prime Minister in what Callaghan called "a calm and rational debate." Speaking from the corner Commons seat once occupied by Winston Churchill during the '30s, Edward Heath strongly denied that there had been any "cover-up" and insisted that Blunt's disclosures about other Soviet spies had provided "a great deal of valuable information." Callaghan agreed with Heath, but allowed, with hindsight, that "the advice at the time about Blunt being allowed to stay in a palace post was wrong." And Callaghan added the icy comment: "I am bound to say that I think there has been a tendency to treat Mr. Blunt with kid gloves. Would Mr. Blunt have had the same treatment if he had been a humble corporal in the Royal Air Force?"

The feeling was clearly shared by British newspapers excluded from the cozy press conference arranged by the *Times* for Blunt. Huffed the *Daily Express*: "Professor Blunt would not have been offered so much as a stale kipper at the *Express* office, he is such a phony old humbug." Maureen Bingham, who spent 30 months in prison for violating the Official Secrets Act, charged, "It is one law for the rich and one law for the poor."

It will be harder to cover up similar scandals in the future: last week, as a result of the Blunt debate, the House scuttled a proposed Protection of Official Information Act, whose stringent security regulations would have made the exposure of the art historian as a spy all but impossible.

Time Essay

The Eclipse of the Gentleman

*The Blunt affair came as no shock to the author of this Essay. He was recruited into the MI6 branch of British intelligence during World War II, and operated for 18 months as a spy at Lourenço Marques in Mozambique. His boss at MI6 headquarters was Kim Philby—as it turned out—of the KGB. "Intelligence gathering," the author later observed, "is even more fantasy-prone than news gathering. In the latter, you are often expected to make bricks without straw, but in the former, to grow lemons without a tree." He thus retired from spying with some relief at the end of the war, to "fall subsequently," he recalls, "into the more serious business of editing Punch." Since his days at the British humor magazine, he has plied his trade as a self-described "vendor of words" on radio and TV broadcasts, in magazine and newspaper articles and in a number of books, including his own pungently self-critical memoirs, *Chronicles of Wasted Time*.*

In the latest outburst of spy mania, the English may be said to have embarked upon the last stages of the long drawn-out obsequies of the upper classes. Never again, we may be sure, shall we hear any serious suggestion that so-and-so, being a gentleman, may be relied on to tell the truth, be loyal to his country and behave with sexual propriety. The eclipse of the gentleman has happened stage by stage, as did that of the medieval knight at arms, with P.G. Wodehouse playing the part of Cervantes in affectionately revealing the absurdity of knight errantry in the new social circumstances. Nonetheless, the signs were there for those with eyes to see.

Thus, when I was at Cambridge (1920-24), undergraduates like myself from modest homes and borough secondary schools tended to emulate the dress and manner of speech of the Etonians, Harrovians and Wykhams, etc., etc., among whom they found themselves. Nowadays it is the other way round. The richer and more upper-class the undergraduates, the more prone they are to get themselves up on proletarian fancy dress—which, incidentally, can often be quite costly—and to cultivate a nondescript accent which might belong to anyone anywhere. This is part of the worldwide social revolution for which America has provided the musical accompaniment—rock—and the uniform—jeans.

It is in relation to this social revolution rather than to any serious preoccupation with Marxism that the spy scandal must be seen. Of the four principal characters who have emerged so far, Maclean is the only one who might be assumed to have devoted any serious study to Marx's writings. Burgess's two most prized possessions, which he insisted on showing to everyone, were an inscribed copy of Winston Churchill's war memoirs and a note from Anthony Eden in his own hand thanking Burgess for being so attentive during a visit to Washington. These

would scarcely rate as revolutionary trophies. Philby, the only one of the four I knew at all well, he being my wartime boss at MI6, never gave me an impression of having any serious intellectual interests. I regarded him as just an adventurer, who found in Stalin's very ruthlessness something to admire, as his father, St. John Philby, the Arabist, had found in King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia. Anyway, his appalling stutter would have precluded any sort of Marxist dissertation: Marx spoken is bad enough, but Marx stuttered would be intolerable.

As for Blunt, he is the classic pattern of the Cambridge aesthete, with a quiet precise voice, and a taste for subdued lighting and respectfully adoring young men. In some ways, given the difference between Cambridge, Mass., and Cambridge, England, he is reminiscent of Alger Hiss. He mentioned in his apologia that in the '30s he was drawn to Marxism and the U.S.S.R. in the light of Chamberlain's appeasement policy, but went on to admit that it was the influence of Burgess that led him to translate this vague sympathy into active service on behalf of the KGB. I cannot, in any case, see *Das Kapital* as his bedside book.

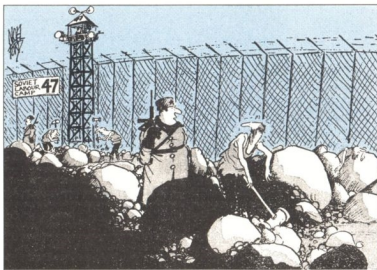
More evident than a common grasp of Marxism was the common practice of homosexuality, at least as far as Burgess, Maclean and Blunt were concerned. Here again Philby was different, being an ardent womanizer, though, it would seem, odd in his ways. His third wife, an American lady acquired in Beirut, in her excellent little book *The Spy I Loved*, describes how

he wooed her, which involved sending her a whole series of loving messages written on tiny pieces of tissue paper, with instructions to burn them when read and carefully scatter the ash, or, if that should be inconvenient, to swallow them—an illustration of how the fatuities of espionage infect even the practice of seduction.

Without any question, however, in the '30s at Cambridge, homosexuality and leftist opinions tended to go together. For instance, many of the Apostles, an elitist society at one time dominated by [Economist John Maynard] Keynes, and closely associated with

his college, King's, notoriously combined culture, Communism and the love that nowadays all too readily dares to speak its name. Also in residence at King's, and also decisively homosexual, was the famous but, as I think, much overrated novelist E.M. Forster, who provided putative traitors with a serviceable formula for justifying their treachery by insisting that if he had to choose between betraying his country and betraying his friend, he hoped he would have the courage to betray his country. Burgess fastened eagerly onto this line of thought, but how fraudulent it is! After all, betraying one's country would automatically involve betraying all one's friends who were also fellow countrymen: the two propositions are not alternatives but collateral.

What is it, then, that makes homosexuals tend to sympathize



"You're lucky, comrade—in Britain they strip traitors of their knight-hoods."

Essay

with revolutionary causes, and to find in espionage a congenial occupation? No doubt, psychiatrists' casebooks shed light on this, but just common sense suggests that the same gifts which make homosexuals often accomplished actors equip them for spying, which is a kind of acting, while their inevitable exclusion from the satisfaction of parenthood gives them a grudge against society, and therefore an instinctive sympathy with efforts to overthrow it.

I remember reading an account of [Biographer] Lytton Strachey sitting on a rock in the Isle of Skye, weeping over a lost lover he had shared with Maynard Keynes, and thinking to myself how perfectly they got their own back, Keynes by inventing an economic theory which, after a period of spurious prosperity, must infallibly bankrupt the countries which adopt it, and Strachey by overturning the gods of the Victorian age, and with them the virtues such as thrift, hard work, integrity and truthfulness which they symbolized.

Such scenes can best be conveyed by the use of the word decadence, whose reality I first encountered in Weimar Germany, and which so easily turned into Hitler's Third Reich. In England they have coincided with the decline of British power and influence in the world, and the transformation of an empire on which the sun never set, into a ramshackle and absurd commonwealth in which it never rises. Whereas our grandfathers found their heroes in empire builders celebrated by Rudyard Kipling, we have had to make do with expertise in espionage celebrated by Ian Fleming and Le Carré.

onage celebrated by Ian Fleming and Le Carré.

Doubtless, some future Gibbon will amuse himself expatiating upon this theme, but he will still have to find some explanation for the fact that favored, pampered children of the Establishment like Maclean, Burgess, Philby and Blunt should have seen fit to betray their country, their culture and their class in order to help advance the power and influence of the most

ruthless, philistine and materialistic autocracy the world has ever known. Brooding upon this, he will surely note that, in all the speculation and analysis relating to espionage and treason, two essential categories would seem to have been left out: good and evil, conveying, as they do, a sense of a moral order, without which no other order—economic, political, what you will—can possibly exist. Moreover, that the voice making this point most eloquently came not from ancient universities like Oxford and Cambridge, but from, of all places, the *Gulag Archipelago*. I refer, of course, to Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

Furthermore, our future Gibbon may well go on to discover another prophetic voice—Dostoyevsky, who, in his novel *The Possessed*, shows how the absurd liberal, Stepan Verkhovensky, in the person of his son, Peter, is transformed into the revolutionary, who, in Baader-Meinhof style, calls for one or two generations of debauchery, to be followed by a little fresh bloodletting, and then, he exults, "the turmoil will begin." Has it not already begun?

—Malcolm Muggeridge



E.M. Forster



John Maynard Keynes



Lytton Strachey

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Press

Tehran's Reluctant Diplomats

Correspondents in Iran sift conflicting signals

Last summer 15 Western journalists, including virtually all those from the U.S., were expelled by Iran's new revolutionary government. After the U.S. embassy in Tehran was seized, the regime welcomed back many of the same correspondents—with a particular goal in mind. Last Thursday the Iranian Ministry of National Guidance invited 200 foreign journalists over for lunch. Acting Foreign Minister Abol Hassan Bani-sadr made a sugary appeal for more sympathetic coverage of his government's attempts to retrieve the Shah, declaring, "Diplomats cannot solve this problem. We want to solve it through 'newspaper diplomacy.' Wouldn't you like this to be the first problem solved by journalists?"

Journalists shook their heads in confusion at this latest twist in Iranian press relations. "They're either tossing you out or giving you lunch," mused one. But Bani-sadr's pitch for newspaper diplomacy underlined the crucial and delicate role the press is playing in the confrontation. With the near total breakdown of communications between the U.S. and Iranian governments, news organizations—especially the television networks—have been burdened with diplomatic duties even more sensitive than the ones they undertook in bringing Egypt's Anwar Sadat face to face with Israel's Menachem Begin two years ago. This time journalists have become conduits for semi-official exchanges, reluctant publicists for Iran, and a valuable source of information for the U.S. Government. Wrote Washington Post Television Critic Tom Shales: "The Ayatullah Khomeini has the world by the networks."

The most blatant use of television diplomacy occurred last Sunday when Khomeini, who refuses to give official U.S. emissaries the time of day, met separately with network correspondents. The interviews contained his first threat to try the hostages for espionage, and showed how the Iranians manage the news. Playing the ratings game, they reneged on a promised exclusive to the Public Broadcasting Service's Robert MacNeil, who left Iran in a huff after waiting in vain for two days. The Iranians gave the first and longest audience (an hour) to Mike Wallace of CBS's widely watched *60 Minutes*. ABC's Peter Jennings and NBC's John Hart settled for only 15 minutes apiece. All three interviewers had to submit their questions in advance and agree not to transmit their reports until 6:30 p.m. New York time, ideal for broadcast in prime time. Said Barry Lando, Wallace's producer in Iran: "Khomeini obviously decided it was time

to appeal to American public opinion."

However unsatisfactory the television newsmen might have found their interviews, they had a lot less to complain about than their print colleagues. Khomeini is still fuming about his unflattering portrayal in an interview with Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci published two months ago, and since then he has routinely refused to see representatives of Western journals. Moreover, the embassy



Journalists outside the U.S. embassy

"Khomeini has the world by the networks."

takeover has been largely a visual story, dominated by chanting marchers, flag burnings and the like, and opportunities to dig and analyze have been limited. The print journalists have spent much of their time sifting the pronouncements of competing spokesmen. Said one reporter: "[Former Prime Minister Mehdi] Bazargan says this country has a thousand sheriffs. It also has a thousand voices."

Barred for the most part from the embassy grounds, reporters tried to elicit tidbits from the students guarding the gates and climbed to the roofs of nearby buildings for a view of the compound. After one such reconnaissance, NBC Correspondent

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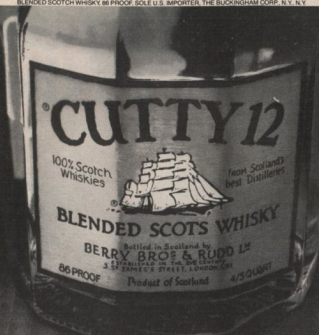
dent Martin Fletcher and his crew were detained for several hours for "taking secret pictures of the embassy." ABC and CBS finally made it "on campus," as the compound was called, but the students they interviewed spoke so haltingly and solemnly that the results resembled a *Saturday Night Live* send-up. "A pure propaganda ploy," groused a CBS newsmen.

Correspondents spent enervating stretches waiting for hostages to be taken to the airport or for something else to happen. Even more trying was the 8½-hour time difference between Tehran and New York. Says NBC Producer Dina Modiano: "We work all day for the morning news, and then all night for the evening shows." The students' occasional news conferences were studies in frustration. At one, a droning student leader was interrupted by a French television reporter: "If you don't allow us to ask some questions, we'll leave." When many newsmen got up to go, the students loosened the format.

For the first four days of the crisis, ABC had "the only American network correspondent on scene in Tehran," as its promotional ads correctly boasted. The network managed to land Bob Dyk, a relatively unknown London-based radio reporter, in the capital as soon as the crisis broke. Fearing their employees would be in danger, CBS and NBC hesitated. They soon realized their mistake, but over the next few days five crews from CBS and three from NBC were turned away at Tehran's Mehrabad Airport. A producer in Iran estimated that each futile entry attempt cost \$16,000. ABC's Dyk was later given an on-the-spot promotion to the rank of network TV correspondent, and the ABC *World News Tonight* ratings jumped by two full Nielsen points, or about 1.5 million households, over the previous two weeks. Moaned a rival producer in Tehran: "They milked it good." The Iranians eventually eased their entry restrictions, and each network soon had more than 20 staff members in Iran. Said CBS Producer Keith Kay: "We used to cover the Viet Nam War with fewer than that."

Shortly after the embassy takeover, correspondents began to feel menaced by the surging crowds, and many bought Iranian-style clothes to blend in. (One hot seller: a Korean-made khaki jacket favored by militant students.) Tensions subsided when Khomeini ordered his countrymen not to harm foreigners, but President Carter's suggestion at midweek that force might be used put correspondents on the spot once again. Back at the Inter Continental Hotel, the informal headquarters for foreign journalists, several Americans conspicuously began sitting with West Germans in the dining room and learning the words to *O Canada*. Others sang new verses of an old seasonal favorite that was becoming the anthem of the Tehran press corps: *Get Me Home for Christmas*. ■

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Science

Track of Man

Rocks yield ancient footprints

Stirred out of his midday snooze, the large hippopotamus emerged from the crocodile-infested waters and lumbered onto the lake shore, leaving giant footprints in the mud. Soon a small, upright figure appeared. Perhaps looking for prey, he carefully trod among the wading birds and other fauna, crossing the trail of large prints along the shore.

A poacher at work in the back country of contemporary Africa? No: this scene, or at least something like it, occurred some 1.5 million years ago, at the edge of Lake Turkana, formerly called Lake Rudolph, in northwestern Kenya. By himself the creature would hardly have been a match for a hippo or any other large animal he might have encountered. Scarcely 5 ft. tall, he probably weighed no more than 120 lbs. Yet he did show promise. Most anthropologists now regard *Homo erectus* (literally, erect man) as modern man's immediate ancestor.

Evidence of this prehistoric jaunt was reported last week by U.S. geologists who had been excavating hillside sediments that were once part of the lake. The geological team, led by Kay Behrensmeyer and Leo LaPorte of the University of California at Santa Cruz, found seven footprints in a layer of sediment dated by radioactive clocks to be 1.5 million years old. All the prints apparently belonged to the same individual. One of them showed unmistakably that he, perhaps she, had slipped while walking.

At the time the spoor was made, Africa was also inhabited by another upright hominid called *Australopithecus*, or ape of the south. This manlike creature is generally regarded to have been an evolutionary dead end, and not a human forerunner. Remains of both *Australopithecus* and *Homo erectus* have been found around Lake Turkana. But researchers believe the footprints more closely resemble those of *Homo erectus*; they are larger and more widely spaced (which indicates a longer stride) than those associated with *Australopithecus*. If they are *Homo* prints, they are the first ever found of an immediate ancestor of modern man.

For the moment, the scientists can say little more about the creature who walked along the lakeside aeons ago. But they are clearly awed by the ancient tracks he left. Says Yale Anthropologist David Pilbeam, who recently visited the site: "They are much more evocative than old bones. I felt here I am in the presence of our ancestors. These footprints looked like the footprints we would make."

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NT8D039

Art

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

Two eras—and two distinct views of social portraiture

The Edwardian era, which lasted from 1901 to 1914, was the last great age of the society portrait in Europe—"great" not in artistic merit but in the large expectations that people had of portraiture as a form. For us, that appeal has largely vanished: artists like Munch, Kirchner and Giacometti have taught us to expect anything but social ease and confident display from the human head. The social portrait seems exhausted now, a cultural irrelevance. This fall has brought two exhibitions by American artists that underline the demise by recalling portraiture's vanished glories and suggesting its dubious status today. One is a retrospective of John Singer Sargent at the Detroit Institute of Arts. The other is a review of Andy Warhol's portraits, which opened last week at the Whitney Museum in New York City.

For the Edwardians, photography was still a minor art. Journalistic celebrity, except for actors and the high-society whores delicately known as "les grandes horizontales," was something to

and female beauty at the top of the social heap. Sargent paid the penalty of success after he died in 1925. Reputations like his were exactly what the English defenders of modernism, starting with Roger Fry, felt most obliged to destroy. Nothing could have been less congenial to the spirit of modernism than Sargent's work, with its showcase view of human character. By the '30s, few writers were ready to endorse the social attitudes that his paintings reflect—the belief in a natural ruling class, a government above politics, that was bitterly expressed in Hilaire Belloc's epigram on an English general election:

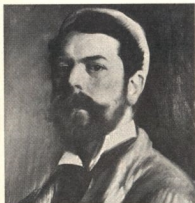
The accursed power which stands on
Privilege
(And goes with Women, and
Champagne and Bridge)
Broke—and Democracy resumed her
reign:
(Which goes with Bridge, and
Women and Champagne).

Could Sargent be revived? Fifteen years ago, the very question would have seemed absurd. But as the Edwardians recede from us, curiosity about their now remote era grows, and now—fortunately, as it turns out—we have a Sargent retrospective. Organized by Art Historians James Lomax, Richard Ormond and Nancy Rivard, it was seen in England during the spring and summer of 1979, and opened last month in Detroit.

It would be pointless to look in Sargent's work for what a late Rembrandt self-portrait has to offer. There was very little inwardness to Sargent. His images are all external, a form of conventional display by the sitter enacting a public role. But Sargent had tremendous panache, and no other artist in Europe could deal better with the material props of social standing—the cascading velvet and flowing lace, the nervous shimmer of voile over silk, the glitter of ormolu or the subdued crinkle of light on the instep of a Lobb riding boot. One would be wrong to think that this was a routine response to the opulence of his sitters' lives. Sargent had a very exact eye. His idol, when he was a student in Paris in the 1870s, had been Velázquez; and from incessant study of his paintings, he had learned a great deal about the subtleties and difficulties of pure tonal description. He could summon up form and material in a few strokes, every granule of pigment falling into the place demanded by illusion, as though breathed onto the surface: it was this that gave his "stunners," like the pearl, silver and lilac portrait of Lady Agnew (1892-93), their

apparitional air. Naturally, there were limits to this sort of rhetoric. Sargent's presentation of Sir Frank Swettenham, one of the proconsuls of the Empire in the Far East, as an overwhelming power object—frosty glare, glittering medal, a pile of imperial spoils and tributes—is pitched to a Rubenesque grandiosity that would crush any modern administrator; it must have seemed a little overdone even 75 years ago. The faces of Sargent's men rarely have the power to haunt you, as Rembrandt's sacramental potato of a nose does. They tend to be pink, brusque, ineffably confident masks; the sense of the official role comes before any question of revealed character. Sargent was better with women. His portrait of the daughters of his chief patron, Asher Wertheimer, must be the canonical image of the Jewish princess. Zaftig, bursting with vitality and chatter, they sway into the frame like a pair of inexorable swans. In its power of theatrical illusion, its triumphant evocation both of a type and of two very tangible and different girls, this portrait did what no photograph could do. After Sargent's death, no painter could do it either. Sociable confidence was not the business of modernism.

It is sometimes said that Andy Warhol, whose exhibition "Portraits of the



Sargent as seen by Sargent in 1892
Flowing lace, swans and Velásquez.

shun at all costs. It was the portrait that condensed fame and status, and to do so it needed to be painted by one of the lions of the medium, those astonishingly facile and brisk painters who plied their trade in the upper reaches of a society through which they moved on almost equal terms with their clients—Paul-César Helleu, Jacques-Émile Blanche, Anders Zorn. In England and America, the most successful of all these virtuosos was John Singer Sargent, who became to the British Empire what Velázquez had been to the Habsburg court of Madrid or Sir Anthony van Dyck to Charles I: the official portraitist par excellence, the unrivaled chronicler of male power



Warhol as seen by Warhol in 1964
Silk screens, glop and narcissism.

"70s" opened last week in Manhattan, is the Sargent of our times. Certainly no modern painter with an equivalent reputation—deserved or not—has spent so much time on celebrity portraiture: Warhol's show is an anthology of famous faces from show biz, art and fashion, an album of discolored and the Concorde set. Whether these images will look as interesting after 50 years as Sargent's do is another question. Certainly they do not today. What they lack is Sargent's ability to realize and construct a painting. Warhol's admirers, who include David Whitney, the show's organizer, are given to claiming that Warhol has "revived" the social portrait as a form. It would be near-



Jewish princesses and an imperial proconsul: Sargent's *Ena and Betty, Daughters of Asher* and Mrs. Wertheimer and Sir Frank Swettenham

er the truth to say that he has zipped its corpse into a Halston, painted its eyelids and propped it in the back of a limo, where it moves but cannot speak.

Warhol began doing shoe illustrations in the '50s and enjoyed a brief period, between 1962 and 1966, when his soup cans and other baleful icons of American glut and repetition could be taken quite seriously as art. Since then his work has regressed to its origins in advertising, while his career has moved just as steadily forward in an aura of publicity and social toadying. Portraiture has been the mainstay of his career for the past ten years, for he was astute enough to realize that no other star "names" of current art were doing it and that the clientele he homed on were not going to get tired of the sight of their own faces.

The procedure was simple. Since the social portrait was largely killed by photography, Warhol used photos: all problems of depiction were thus telescoped into a simple act of choosing an image, rather than making it. The snapshot of the subject was silk-screened and the enlarged image printed on canvas over a mix of decorator colors. The image thus acts as a rubber stamp and seldom bears any discernible relationship to the pistachio-and-strawberry glop on which it sits. This casualness is part of the point since, although true irony is the enemy of narcissism, Warhol's indifference is very



Andy Warhol's *Portrait of Kay Fortson*, 1977



Portrait of Yves St. Laurent, 1974

much its friend. Now and then he adds a little handwork, in the form of some wobbly drawing along the edge of an arm or a cheek. Perhaps it is meant to reassure his clients that despite his well-known claim in the '60s that he wanted to become a machine, he has not yet done so. This facetious décor can look pleasant, one canvas at a time, in the salons for which it is destined. Multiplied to 150 or so examples and thrust into a neutral museum space, it looks coarse and repetitious. It can hardly be said to exist within the sphere of aesthetic debate. And although the catalogue essay compares this autistic cake icing to the work of Manet and the Byzantine mosaics, as well as that of his former self, Warhol has clearly become something less interesting than any of these. He is the LeRoy Neiman of the Olympic Tower.

The Whitney Museum has something to gain from the promotional effort it is making with this show: it needs money, and Warhol is so well known that any exhibition of his work can be relied on to bring crowds. But though Whitney Director Tom Armstrong announces in the catalogue that "I have never wavered from the mark with Monsieur Warhol... when the last lifeboat is launched I want old Blondie at the oars," there are others who may not want to join him in the shallows on this particular raft of the Medusa, crowded as it is with the glittery, the raucous, the beady-eyed and the badly painted.

—Robert Hughes



A father's pain: Dustin Hoffman gives up his son for an afternoon

Cinema

Grownups, A Child, Divorce, And Tears

Kramer vs. Kramer is 1979's *heartbreak hit*

Kramer vs. Kramer is a rare movie that finds its tone, its focus and its poetry in its very first image. The image: a close-up of an anguished woman, her face surrounded by darkness. The shot is so intimate that the audience at first yearns for some relief. But the relief never really comes. *Kramer vs. Kramer* is composed almost entirely of actors' faces, of intense passions and of winter light. Since the actors are Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, and since the suffering is real, the audience quickly finds that it is impossible to turn away.

As moviegoers will discover when the film opens in December, *Kramer vs. Kramer* is the emotional bender of the year. Director-Writer Robert Benton and his cast have made their own *Scenes from a Marriage*—a domestic drama that starts at a wrenching pitch and builds and builds to the threshold of pain. Yet the film is not imitation Bergman; it is, above all, peculiarly American. Adapting a popular novel by Avery Corman, Benton tells an unpretentious story that might well have served such vintage Hollywood tearjerkers as George Stevens' *Penny Serenade* and King Vidor's *Stella Dallas*.

Kramer is about what happens when an unhappy wife walks out on her husband and six-year-old son, only to return 18 months later to fight for custody of the child. What happens to this story on-screen is something else again. Though *Kramer* is satisfying as a timeless tragedy about marital and parental love, it also travels across a minefield of contemporary social issues. The characters are very much citizens of the 1970s; their troubles illuminate the cutting edge of an era when all the old definitions of marriage and family have been torn apart.

It is not, of course, the first film to deal with these issues. A number of American movies have re-evaluated the roles of men and women throughout the decade. The cycle began when Mike Nich-

ols' *Carnal Knowledge* and Paul Mazursky's *Blume in Love* first used comedy to expose the hypocrisies of the bright but sexist American male. After the women's movement took hold, films like Martin Scorsese's *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman* went further by trying to spread a new, liberated feminine ideal to a mass audience. Since then, there has been a benign backlash: a series of circumspect films about sensitive, unmarried men. Woody Allen's *Manhattan* and Bob Fosse's forthcoming *All That Jazz* are both, in part, self-lacerating accounts of heroes who toy with women to satisfy selfish neurotic needs. Blake Edwards' hit "10" is a touching farce that punctures the childish sexual fantasies of a male-menopause victim. In *Starting Over*, Burt Reynolds turns from a newly liberated wife to an equally liberated lover; Alan Alda's *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* tells much the same tale from a more somber perspective.

What makes *Kramer* stand out, even in this often heady company, is its lack of cant or trendy attitudes of any stripe. Rather than tailor his characters to represent the various party lines of present-day sexual politics, Benton allows the issues to develop freely and inferentially from the unruly passions of his story. *Kramer* avoids explicit feminist debates, and it does not provide heroes or villains of either sex. By such omissions, it departs dramatically from films like *An Unmarried Woman* and *Alice*, which feature warm, wholly sympathetic heroines and men who are usually either bastards or saints. *Kramer* also breaks with nearly all the other unmarried-women and -men movies by refusing to use infidelity as a catalyst in its plot. Ted and Joanna Kramer are one film couple whose conflicts run so deep that they do not begin and cannot end in the bedroom.

Benton gives his film its depth and complexity by challenging the audience's preconceptions and snap opinions at every turn. The process begins with the opening scenes. When Joanna tells Ted she is walking out, the film is, for a while, completely on her side. Joanna is sensitive, beautiful and demonstrably deprived of her own identity. Ted is a cagey, unfeeling Madison Avenue adman who cares only about the big account he has just landed. Ted is so self-absorbed that he cannot believe that Joanna is really miserable enough to leave him. As she waits for the elevator in the hallway of the Kramers' East Side high-rise, Ted talks only about himself. Finally he tries to yank the fragile Joanna back into their apartment, as if sheer force were enough to mend their split. "Please don't make me go in there," pleads Streep, her voice nearly a deathly whisper. She pulls away from her husband with such revulsion that no one watching her could fail to share her desperation to escape.

By that point, Ted Kramer would seem to be an irredeemable monster, but



A mother's love: Meryl Streep embraces Justin Henry for the first time in 18 months

Cinema

Kramer will not allow the audience any rushes to judgment. No sooner has Joanna left than Benton starts to direct sympathy to Ted, who must now go about the business of raising his son alone. Forced again to choose between the demands of his career and his responsibilities at home, the hero does not make the same mistake twice. At first tentatively, and then wholeheartedly, he throws himself into his relationship with his son Billy (Justin Henry). As he does so, *Kramer* offers a spectacle that is rare in both life and movies: a seemingly set character working fiercely into a new identity.

Usually films contain such transformations only for plot purposes, and they achieve them by fast jumps forward in time. Benton instead undertakes the tough task of putting Ted's changes on-screen, bit by painstaking bit. This is accomplished in a series of extraordinary scenes between Hoffman and Henry that form the entire middle stretch of the movie and well illustrate F. Scott Fitzgerald's dictum that "action is character." Together these two actors—one a movie star, the other a little boy with no previous acting experience—create what is probably the most credible father-son relationship ever seen in an American film. As Ted and Billy slowly come to terms with each other, there is none of the cuteness or sentimentality that so often clogs movies about parents and children.

To capture the nuances of Ted's constantly shifting moods, Hoffman gives a performance of nearly infinite shading. Angry and bitter at the outset, his face pasty with panic, he gradually interjects notes of tenderness and compassion into his role. Ted's new values develop so delicately as to be almost invisible until a scene in which he reassures his son that the child is not to blame for his mother's departure. Sitting at Billy's bedside, Ted explains that "Mommy left because I made her try to be a certain kind of wife. I realized she tried for so long to make me happy, and when she couldn't and tried to talk to me, I was too wrapped up to listen." If Hoffman were still the glib hustler of the early part of the film, this self-recriminating speech would be a jolt—a screenwriter's ruse. But Hoffman's performance has so carefully delineated the alterations in Ted that his generous confession of past sins seems completely natural.

Justin Henry is no less effective.



Henry and Hoffman prepare breakfast: one of life's most durable bonds
Probably the most credible father-son relationship seen in an American film.

Though as angelic in appearance as any child model in a TV commercial, he has none of the self-consciousness that often defeats kids on-screen. When he fights with his father over the dinner table or cries for his mommy in the night, the emotions are not italicized but spontaneous. Benton had the sense to let his young star improvise rather than rehearse to the point of slickness. Henry's character also grows—as he must—during the course of *Kramer*. When Billy and a dejected Ted prepare a French-toast breakfast together near the end of the movie, the son tries to cheer up the father with the same forced smiles and reassuring gestures that Ted used on Henry in a parallel scene much earlier. It is a masterly way of letting

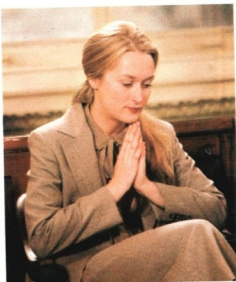
the audience know indirectly that Ted and Billy, once near strangers to each other, have formed one of life's most durable bonds.

That is why, when Joanna finally reappears, it is hard to accept her. The woman who earned affection when she courageously walked out of her imprisoning marriage is now a villain: she wants to take Billy away from the father who sacrificed his work and restructured his life for his son. But again, Benton challenges the audience rather than let it leap to a pat moral position. As Joanna undergoes cross-examination at the custody trial, her virtues ever so slowly reappear. Because she

has now regained her self-esteem, she seems better able than before to be a good mother to her child. The sudden pull of Streep's performance confuses loyalties even further. As Joanna gives her own account of her marriage and her efforts to recover from it, Streep painfully sheds layer after layer of the character's past. In a few minutes, she creates an entire life on-screen: the loving bride, the defeated, self-loathing wife and, at last, an independent woman. It is a devastating film-within-a-film—one that rocks not only the audience but also the ex-husband, who watches in the courtroom.

Perhaps some moviegoers will side with either Ted or Joanna after the trial, but most probably will not. Many are likely to identify most readily with the film's principal supporting character, Margaret, a divorced neighbor, played superbly by Jane Alexander. Margaret begins by encouraging Joanna's decision to walk out, later becomes a confidante of Ted's and ends up emotionally drained, torn by both on the witness stand. After the judge has delivered his verdict, it is still difficult for the audience, as well as Joanna, Ted and Margaret, to decide who has really won. The ambiguity lingers to the final frame of the film. Like the first shot, the last one is a close-up of Streep—only now she seems even more distressed than before. Her face dissolves from one contradictory emotion to another in such disturbing succession that she reopens all the wounds and conflicts of the drama. The moment is powerful enough to nearly obliterate the film's resolution, one which some will find all too pat.

Benton gives *Kramer vs. Kramer* its lifelike quality by clearing away the artifice that most American film makers use to shape human experience



Streep testifies in court: a taut film-within-a-film

into so-called entertainment. His screenplay strips away unnecessary detail and background from Corman's novel; his direction concentrates on the characters' feelings above all else. Music is never used to heighten a scene, and the camera moves only when the actors' wanderings force it to do so. Benton's focus is so tight that *Kramer* shows a far more domestic and grittier view of Manhattan than the Allen and Mazursky films. The cinematographer is Nestor Almendros, a frequent collaborator of François Truffaut's and Eric Rohmer's and a brilliant portraitist.

Truffaut was the director whom Producer Stanley Jaffe first hired for *Kramer*. When scheduling conflicts developed, Jaffe turned to Benton. Though he has directed only two previous movies, *Bad Company* (an antic western with Jeff Bridges) and *The Late Show* (an eccentric detective story with Art Carney and Lily Tomlin), Benton's career stretch-

es back over a decade. With his long-time writing partner, David Newman, he co-authored the most influential film script of the '60s, *Bonnie and Clyde*, which, like *Kramer*, leavened conflict with smart wit. He and Newman also collaborated on such diverse '70s movies as *What's Up Doc?* and *Superman*. Benton's crisp pictorial style, which has become more pronounced with each film, can be traced to his years as art director for the graphically innovative *Esquire* magazine of the early '60s. His preference for characters over plot—something of a flaw in *The Late Show*—comes from Truffaut, a friend and mentor since *Bonnie and Clyde*. In *Kramer*, Benton pays tribute to the French director by using snatches of the Vivaldi mandolin concerto; the same music turned up in *The Wild Child*. Truffaut's masterpiece about another relationship between a man and a young boy.

Benton makes no extravagant claims

for his new film. Says he: "The picture isn't meant to be a film about the injustices of the legal system or about whether fathers or mothers are better qualified to raise kids. The film is, above all, a love story and a story about marriage. It's all the intangibles in life that fascinate me... not things so trite as workaholics and women's lib. I wanted to avoid making a preachy, polemical film."

Benton gets to have it both ways. His film offers so valuable a picture of men, women and children of the late '70s exactly because it has avoided polemics. Though the movie has no answers to the questions it raises, it recharges the debate by restating issues in new and disturbing terms, or perhaps in the oldest terms of all: through agonizingly ambiguous human truths. *Kramer vs. Kramer* may produce more tears than any other film this year, but, more important still, it is also bound to stimulate the most talk.

—Frank Rich

"The Kid's a Real Natural"

"People think I'm a big-shot movie star, and some of my friends have started to treat me differently. But I tell them I'm just like any other kid on the street. This hasn't changed me at all." It is easy to take fame when you're 80—or 8½, which Justin Henry is now. And his four-month plunge into the glamorous world of big stars and big movies affected him about as much as a summer at camp. It was, he insists, "no big thing."

His trip to stardom began, though he did not know it at the time, about two years ago, when *Kramer vs. Kramer* scouts started looking at non-professionals to play the role of Billy, who is really the film's central character. They went to Justin's school in Rye, a suburb of New York City, to look around, and that night his principal called to say they wanted him to audition in Manhattan. "I wasn't so excited," he says, "but I went anyway. There were 200 of us in the first tryout. Mr. Benton called each of us in and asked questions like 'Do you have a sister?' and 'Do you like the movies?' It was fun."

One of the reasons Justin was chosen was because the interview made clear that he has a very good relationship with his real father, Cliff Henry, a portfolio manager for J.C. Penney. Another was that he had never acted before. Explains Director Robert Benton: "We didn't want anyone with bad habits." Still, after seeing the movie, audiences may be excused if they think he was born before the cameras, so true and so good is his performance.

When he was required to cry, Justin would go off and think of sad things, like the possibility of some injury to his dog Chipper, a golden retriever. Once, just before he was supposed to turn on the tears, he went into a dark room to prepare, just as he had seen Dustin Hoffman do. After a while, Benton opened the door and asked if he was ready. Justin shook his head. "Forty grown men sat outside and waited," says Benton, "but then Justin came out a few minutes later and did it—just like that. I was stunned at how much he'd learned without being told. The kid's a real natural."

On the set, Justin was known as the "little director," because he was so curious about how and why things were being done. "I know all about wardrobes and what it's like to be a movie star, but the glamour isn't as good as it looks," he says with appropriate cynicism. "It can be very boring, you know. I don't think I'd like to act full time. There just isn't enough time to see your friends." His real ambition, he confesses, is to have a farm in Colorado with his friends Tom and Scott.

While he was making *Kramer*, Justin became especially fond of Hoffman. "He's funny," the boy says. "He's a real nice guy with a lot of things in him." Eventually the two became so close off-screen, as well as on, that the boy started demonstrating filial concern for Hoffman. In one of the film's strongest scenes, he cuts himself badly in a playground fall, and the frantic Hoffman runs to the hospital with him in his arms. When the shooting was finally finished, Hoffman threw himself onto the ground, panting in exhaustion from his labors. Justin took off his own jacket, neatly folded it, and solicitously put it under the actor's head as a pillow. Says Hoffman: "I'll never forget that."

One of Justin's particular prides is that to avoid confusing their first names, they would be called on the loudspeaker by their initials, J.H. and D.H. By the time the film was finished, Justin, who had never heard of Hoffman until a few months before, was able to mimic his walk, both hands stuck in the side pockets, as if for ballast. Another of Justin's prides is that his sister Tabitha, 11, who had a tiny role as the daughter of one of Hoffman's friends, was edited out almost entirely. "She was sooooo jealous," Justin says. "She started acting real weird."

Despite the fuss over *Kramer*, Justin is not thinking much about the movies these days, and his parents are not about to encourage him. He talks so well and takes everything so coolly, indeed, that it is sometimes hard to think of him as just a kid. But he is. One day someone on the set asked him what his favorite film was. "*Jaws 2*," said Justin. "*Jaws 2*?" asked the puzzled questioner. "What about *Jaws*?" Replied Justin: "Oh, that was before my time."



Justin Henry

A Father Finds His Son

The magical looking glass of Dustin Hoffman

Ratso Rizzo, the crippled hustler of *Midnight Cowboy*. The grizzled old codger of *Little Big Man*. The myopic counterfeiter of *Papillon*. The eager virgin of *The Graduate*. Carl Bernstein of *All the President's Men*. Dustin Hoffman has played them all in a career of dazzling virtuosity. But in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, he has assumed perhaps the most difficult persona of all: Dustin Hoffman.

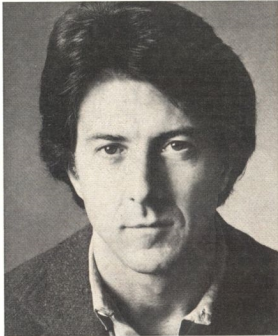
The plot does not follow the facts of his life, of course, but many parts of Ted Kramer have been consciously modeled on the actor. "We wanted Dustin to draw on his own volatile, engaging personality in creating the character," says Director Robert Benton. "We tape-recorded our talks and took endless notes on his language. Everything was carefully worked out." If Kramer is brash, egocentric and often obnoxious, so too is Hoffman. If Kramer is tender, loving and often vulnerable, then Hoffman is as well. Like Diane Keaton in *Annie Hall*, he has turned the screen into a mirror, a magical looking glass into his own head and heart.

In his last two movies, *Straight Time* and *Agatha*, Hoffman had bitter fights with the studio, First Artists, over the script and editing. In *Kramer vs. Kramer*, he made certain that he would be involved from the beginning. To find the right boy to play his son, he sat in on a hundred or more casting sessions, then did video tapes with 40 finalists before choosing Justin Henry. Together with Benton and Producer Stanley Jaffe, he worked and worried for months over the character of Kramer, trying to get him exactly right. "I've never seen anybody come to the party with more to offer than Dustin does," says Jaffe. "He had a whole palette of colors." Reflecting a second, Jaffe adds, "But we had some terrific fights."

Nearly everyone who has ever worked with him says the same thing, sometimes with less admiration than Jaffe. Hoffman, 42, is known in Hollywood as the archetypal difficult actor. But for all those critics Hoffman has a word of caution. "They should think twice before they rail against me," he told TIME Correspondent James Willwerth. "They may have done their best work with me. I'm like that clocker who is always saying, 'Come on! Come on! Come on!'"

"Dustin is obsessed with his work," explains Playwright Murray Schisgal, who is probably Hoffman's best friend.

"Consequently, he is not an easy guy to work with. He wants to examine all aspects of a line before he commits himself to going with it." They met in 1966 when Hoffman, then an unknown, was doing three of Schisgal's one-act plays in Stockbridge, Mass. The author liked to take early-morning walks, and every day when he left his hotel, Hoffman would be waiting for him. "He'd have the script and a million questions to ask: 'What's your thought here? What's your thought there?' I had never worked with an actor like that. He is eternally dissatisfied with what



"I've never seen anybody come to the party with more to offer."

he has achieved. Right now he isn't negative about *Kramer*. But I have no doubt that in six months he'll be saying, 'I should have done it differently.'"

Maybe not this time. *Kramer* is more than just another film to Hoffman. He has a special feeling toward children—and they toward him. "He's one of those natural fathers," says Benton. "Kids drift to him instinctively and immediately. For that reason I worked out an arrangement. Any time I had direction for Justin, I'd give it to Dustin. Then he'd pass it along to the child. Justin totally believed in Dustin, who was a genuine friend. And Dustin was a fantastic acting coach. He knew just what buttons to press."

Instead of being given a script, Justin was told by Hoffman what a scene was

about and then allowed to say whatever he wanted. "When kids learn lines," says Hoffman, "you can't cut them with an ice pick." Camera angles were kept simple so that father and son, who were expected to improvise, could move wherever they wanted. In one early scene Justin, who was supposed to be rebelling against Hoffman, showed his defiance by eating a bowl of ice cream after he had been told not to. But Justin, suddenly the improvisational actor, turned the battle into a ferocious clash of wills by taunting Hoffman with an upraised spoon. "It shocked me when he fought back," says Hoffman.

Hoffman understands kids so well that he finds it a particular injustice that nature has provided for only one sex, the opposite one, to carry children and give birth. When he was preparing to play Ted

Kramer, he kept staring at young mothers and pregnant women, especially pregnant women wheeling children in baby carriages. "They have an aura that you don't see in a man with his kids. I hear music when I see them—definitely strings." He even imagines himself angrily taking his case for male pregnancy to God, a bureaucrat behind a desk in the Revised Hoffman Version. "I don't understand, I pipe up. 'Why don't I get to carry it?' God tries to explain, but when Hoffman continues to complain, God brusquely ends the conversation: 'I don't want to talk about it. I've spent a lot of time on this.' When his own child Jenna was born, Hoffman did what little he could to make up for such obvious discrimination. He was there, helping, and he had a photographer stationed outside the delivery-room door, ready to capture the first moments of new life.

Another reason *Kramer* was so important to Hoffman was that he knew while he was making it that his marriage to Dancer and Actress Anne Byrne would probably be over before it opened. That seems to be the case. They have been separated for more than a year and are negotiating for a divorce. Anne, 35, has been a professional dancer since she was 17, but she virtually abandoned her career when she married Hoffman, in 1969. Several years ago, however, she became restless and started dancing again.

Their marriage, which apparently had had troubles for some time, foundered two years ago when Hoffman was shooting *Straight Time* in Los Angeles. He was under enormous pressure, fighting with the studio even as he was trying to create a difficult character, and he asked Anne to stay with him. Her own career was beginning to take shape, however, and she decided not to leave New York. A friend points out in Anne's



Roaming Manhattan, Hoffman sits down...

defense that Hoffman is inconstant in his emotions: after an enormous outpouring of charm and affection, he can turn icily distant.

Anne is now living in their Manhattan town house, with Karina, 13, her daughter from a previous marriage, and Jenna, 9. Dustin has just bought a co-op apartment overlooking Central Park, with an extra bedroom that the girls can sleep in when they come to visit. Last week he was seeing them in between publicity appearances for *Kramer*. Jenna arrived for one meeting with her appointment written in green pencil on the back of her hand: "Daddy—3:15."

Another reason for his breakup with Anne may have been his fast and roving eye. He loves to flirt and he does it constantly, as if it were an involuntary re-

flex. As he walked into the crowded elevator of his New York hotel last week, he suddenly blurted out to the operator: "Kathy, I must have your answer. Is it yes or no? I have to know now." Down in the lobby he saw a long-legged beauty. "Wait!" he said, blocking her way. "Give me five minutes of your time. Please! It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Hear me out!" The woman did, but when she agreed to everything he proposed, he left in a hurry. "I was embarrassed," he explained later. "She said yes too quickly." Meryl Streep, who came to admire him while working on *Kramer*, nonetheless has an unpleasant memory of one such encounter several years ago, when she was auditioning for a play he was directing. "He came up to me and said, 'I'm Dustin—burp—Hoffman,' and he put his hand on my breast. What an obnoxious pig. I thought."

More than many people, however, Hoffman frequently enjoys being alone. He gets up very early so that he can enjoy the morning's quiet time by himself, and he spends a lot of time exercising, often jumping rope for an hour to a loud rock cadence from a tape recorder. He has a small group of friends in New York, people like Schisgal and Writers Joseph Heller and David Goodman. In Los Angeles, where he also has a house, he keeps company with Screenwriter Robert Towne and Director Hal Ashby. "But I don't hang out that much," he says. "I don't seek out friends. I seek out work."

Hoffman spent years in analysis, trying to compensate for lack of height (he is 5 ft. 6 in.) and his relatively poor childhood; his father was at one time a salesman, whose life Hoffman sadly compares to that of Arthur Miller's Willy Loman. Dustin also had, he believes, the worst case of acne in Los Angeles, where he grew up. At one point an analyst asked him what he wanted out of life. Hoffman, who was then living on New York's Lower East Side and struggling on off-Broad-



...and has a bite at a hot-dog stand

way, told him: he wanted to be employed, he wanted to be married and to have kids, and he wanted to own a Manhattan town house. "My life is a jump-cut," he says ruefully. "Suddenly I'm married, successful beyond my wildest dreams, and I have a town house. But the same person is still on the couch."

Which is to say that the brilliant Hoffman mirror is showing him the same face—with a few new flecks of gray in his hair—that it did back then. "I don't know what happiness is," he insists. "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? I'd strike out happiness. Make it life, liberty and the pursuit of growth. Walk down the street and look at the faces. When you demand happiness, aren't you asking for something unrealistic?"

—Gerald Clarke

Ending up his journey in Central Park, he enjoys autumn in New York and makes a point for a bench warmer



A Mother Finds Herself

The silent suffering of Meryl Streep

Meryl Streep could obviously have made it to the screen on looks alone. Says Director Michael Cimino, who worked with her on *The Deer Hunter*: "The camera embraces her." Lucky camera. Many women would kill for her slender, fashion-model figure, for that ash-blond hair, oval face, porcelain skin and those high, exquisite cheekbones. Her eyes mirror intelligence; their pale blue sparkle demands a new adjective: merulean. Only a slight bump down the plane of her long, patrician nose redeems her profile from perfection.

Yet she is more than just another gorgeous face. The typical Hollywood starlet may think that August Strindberg is a hot new agent, but Streep played *Miss Julie* at Vassar. Beginning her professional stage career in New York only four years ago, she conquered prized roles in Shakespeare (*Measure for Measure*, *Henry V*, *The Taming of the Shrew*), Chekhov (*The Cherry Orchard*) and Brecht-Weill (*Happy End*), as well as in works by Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. This repertory training came to Meryl because she was ready for it; her education went on in public, but critics and audiences did the learning. Director Arvin Brown expresses what threatens to become a bromide when he calls her "the most talented actress of her generation."

Despite her theatrical training, there is nothing staid about Streep's performance in *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Emotions play across her face as subtly as breezes

ruffling a pond; rarely have the varieties of anguish and uncertainty been so thoroughly catalogued through look and gesture. Streep's understated suffering rescues the character of Joanna Kramer from a virtually no-win plot: bad enough that a mother should leave her young child and then disappear from the film for nearly an hour; worse still that she come back and try to break up the new



Flashing a smile at the Academy Awards

life that her husband and son have painfully built. "If Joanna is a villain," Streep recently told *TIME*'s Elaine Dutka, "if there's a white hat-black hat situation, that doesn't make for an interesting courtroom scene, which I consider the climax of the film." Joanna's testimony at the custody hearing is indeed one of the film's most wrenching sequences, precisely because Streep avoids histrionics, lowering her voice rather than raising it. When she cries she does so visibly in spite of herself. So thoroughly had Meryl come to inhabit her character that she wrote every word of this speech herself.

Director Robert Benton recalls her work that day on the set with amazement: "We must have shot that scene from seven in the morning until six at night, over and over again. First in close-up, then a



Clowning as Kate in *Taming of the Shrew*

medium shot, finally a long one. Later in the day, we shot only Dustin reacting to her on the stand. During this last take, all 30 people in the room were facing Dustin. I happened to be watching Meryl, as well. She had the same intensity as she had when she first did the scene."

Added to this consistency is her instinct for the impromptu, for the movement or gesture that no one thinks of until she does it and makes it inevitable. Her role in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* as the other woman, having an affair with a married U.S. Senator, also placed her in an uneven struggle for audience sympathy. Many would argue that Meryl won hands down. Recalls Co-Star Alan Alda: "When she blew Tynan a kiss at the airport after their affair, that was Meryl's own inspiration. It was her way of conveying that she didn't get what she wanted, but she was taking life on her own terms."

Life has rarely failed to give Meryl, who is 30, what she wants. "Mine is a Cinderella story all right," she says with a trace of self-mockery. She and her two younger brothers grew up in the leafy and comfortable exurbs of central New Jersey; her father was a pharmaceutical-company executive and her mother a graphic artist who did most of her work at home. "I didn't have what you'd call a happy childhood," insists Streep. "For one thing, I thought no one liked me... Actually, I'd say I had pretty good evidence. The kids would chase me up into a tree and hit my legs with sticks until they bled. Besides that, I was ugly. With my glasses and permanent hair, I looked like a mini-adult. I had the same face I have today, and let me tell you the effect wasn't cute or endearing." Brother Harry, two years her junior, agrees: "In fact, she was

Making eyes as Hallelujah Lil in *Happy End*



Cinema

pretty ghastly when she was young."

The prettiest thing about Meryl in those days was her singing voice. A promising coloratura soprano, she began taking lessons in New York with Voice Coach Estelle Liebling. "The first opera I went to," recalls Meryl, "was Douglas Moore's *The Wings of the Dove*, with Beverly Sills. It was incredible to see her onstage. Until then, I thought she was just a nice lady who had the lesson before me." One morning Meryl got up, squashed her glasses underfoot, put peroxide and lemon juice on her hair and set out to be "the perfect *Seventeen* magazine knockout." Boys quickly appeared, and so did a high school teacher determined to build musicals around Meryl's singing. During her freshman year, she made her first appearance onstage as Marian in *The Music Man*. The young performer was talented but hardly driven. She gave up voice lessons when they interfered with her duties as a cheerleader. Classmates named her Homecoming Queen.

Next came Vassar and the recognition that this wholesome young woman possessed an eerie gift. Clinton Atkinson, a director on the college staff, found her acting "hair raising, absolutely mind boggling. I don't think anyone ever taught Meryl acting; she really taught herself." After graduating with a major in drama, she joined a small repertory company in Vermont and then won a three-year scholarship to the Yale School of Drama. Her classwork won ever higher praise. "Whenever she did a scene," says Director Robert Lewis, who was a professor there at the time, "you wished that the author were there to see it." She was also much in demand for major roles by the Yale Repertory Theater. By the time she earned her master of fine arts degree she had developed an incipient ulcer: "It was very liberating when I got out to find that you're not competing with 24 people but with 20,000 others."

Meryl had auditioned in New York occasionally while still at Yale. When she moved to the city, directors scrambled to use her. Her first professional appearance was at Lincoln Center in Joseph Papp's production of *Trelawney of the Wells*. Next she played in a program of two one-act plays and did the seemingly impossible: she became both a slovenly, bovine Southerner in Tennessee Williams' *Twenty Seven Wagons Full of Cotton* and a thin, sexy secretary in Arthur Miller's *A Memory of Two Mondays*. Says Director Arvin Brown: "The audience didn't realize that they had seen the same girl twice." These

were the first of seven stage roles that Meryl was to play in 1976.

During one, a Central Park production of *Measure for Measure*, she worked with John Cazale, a respected actor known to film audiences for his role as the cowardly son Fredo in *The Godfather* and *The Godfather, Part II*. They fell in love and began living together. Actor Joe Grifasi, a friend of both at the time, says: "Meryl admired his ability to cut through the crap and focus on the essentials. He was very careful to maintain his equilibrium." They spent as much time together as their careers permitted; the summer of 1977 found them in Steubenville, Ohio, working on *The Deer Hunter*. Neither one talked on the set about what they both knew by then: Cazale had bone can-



"Whenever she does a scene you wish the author were there."

cer and, barring a miracle, was dying.

Meryl next went to Austria to work on the TV series *Holocaust*. Cazale was too weak to follow her. "I wanted to go home," she says. "John was very sick and I wanted to be with him. But they just kept extending the damn thing. It was like being in prison for 2½ months." Actor Fritz Weaver shared this internment and remembers Meryl admiringly: "In *Holocaust* she played a woman whose lover was imprisoned in a concentration camp. Meryl must have been living it twice, in the story and in real life. But there was not one moment of self-pity."

Rushing back to New York, Meryl took a leave from acting to care for Cazale full time. During his last few weeks she moved into the hospital; every day she read him the sports pages, comically imitating the overheated delivery of TV announcers and trying to nourish his spirits until the end. He died in March

1978. Afterward, says Streep, "I was emotionally blitzed." She began work on *Joe Tynan* four months later: "It was a selfish period, a period of healing for me, of trying to incorporate what had happened into my life. I wanted to find a place where I could carry it forever and still function. I'm O.K. now, obviously, but the death is still very much with me."

Along with her work, Meryl found comfort in the companionship of Sculptor Don Gummer, a longtime pal of her brother Harry's. Before some friends even knew they were seriously involved, they married in September 1978. Stage and film work kept Meryl on the run during her first months of marriage; since April, though, she has been staying home, where her husband works, in a sprawling studio-loft south of Greenwich Village. For fun they visit galleries and museums, go to the movies and entertain friends at home.

Meryl's pregnancy was the prime reason for her professional inactivity. On Nov. 13, she gave birth to a 6-lb. 14-oz. boy, named Henry. The baby will impose some new demands on the haphazard, casual Gummer household; Meryl's recorded message on her phone-answering machine sounds more laid back than most new parents are allowed to be: "Hello... um... if you want to leave a message, please wait for the beep because... um... I don't know... otherwise the thing cuts off. Thank you." There is no sign of the actress in this voice, but it reveals a side of Meryl that her friends know well. She ducks formality whenever she can and prefers rolled-up jeans and canvas shoes to the sleek clothes she wears in *Kramer*. Sensitive to a variety of women's issues, she speaks forcefully about sexism in films and the need for new methods of male contraception.

Moviegoers have yet to see the full range of Streep's art. She is an expert mimic (she copied her dead-on Southern accent in *Joe Tynan* from Dinah Shore) and can turn a hilarious pratfall. Her film roles have mainly been those of vulnerable modern women. She has not yet played a period character from a position of strength, but plans to start work on the screen version of John Fowles' *The French Lieutenant's Woman* early next spring.

The prospect of Meryl as an enigmatic Victorian rebel is intriguing. "Eventually," she says, "I'd like to be as adventurous in films as I've been onstage. I know you're supposed to do film small, but I think I hold back too much." When she lets go, everyone had better watch: "There's so much untapped within me." — Paul Gray



Fads and frills fade, craftsmanship is in demand, while shoppers take home handmade rugs, classic suits, imported cameras, watches, TV sets

Economy & Business

Buyers Swing to Quality

Behaving like Europeans, U.S. consumers find that it pays to spend more

"Nobody knows what prices will be like years from now, so people look on quality as an investment. They find that if it costs \$20 to \$30 more for an item that will last twice as long as something cheaply made, then the money is well spent."

—Caqui Carrillo, Miami retailer

The quest for quality certainly seems to be the guiding principle for more and more cost-conscious shoppers this year. With the inflation-warped economy throwing off mixed signals, retailers are having trouble making guesses about how good (or bad) business will be during the Christmas selling season that started last week. But from cars to cookware to winter clothing, one trend is clear. Flash, fads, frills and planned obsolescence are on the way out. Consumers are going instead for long-lasting, quality-made goods. They are moving back to time-tested standards of design and taste, even if they have to scrimp on some purchases in order to splurge on others.

In short, American consumers are beginning to behave more like Europeans. With a new attitude of less can be more, they are buying fewer but better goods than in earlier years. They are learning that paying premium prices now often leads to real saving in the long run. Quality products do not have to be replaced so frequently because they do not break down or wear out so fast. Clas-

sically designed clothing and accessories can be worn for many years, even decades, because they never really go out of style.

This trend may well result from the new conservation ethic. Because resources are scarce and goods are costly, there is a fresh appreciation for their value. Waste is *gauche*; goods should last—and that requires moving up to quality.

In department stores, boutiques and shopping centers across the country, the fastest selling items tend to be the top of the line: gold jewelry over costume trinkets, timeless women's suits over one-season dresses, silk blouses over polyester, cashmere and Shetland woolen sweaters over cheaper fabrics. Sales of expensive but faddish furs like coyote, fox and lynx are slowing, but demand remains as strong as ever for costlier, classically tailored ranch minks, which not only remain permanently in fashion but also preserve their value and are durable enough to last a lifetime. Even at discount stores, where blouses or shirts are priced at \$2.99 to \$11, the \$11 items sell best. Retailers commonly echo William McCarthy, district manager of Chicago's Montgomery Ward chain: "People have been trading up for some time, and if the style is right, then price is no object." Adds Joseph Ellis, a Wall Street retailing analyst: "A growing number of consumers really are aware that shoddy merchandise is no bargain."

As shoppers become more discriminating, they increasingly demand value for money. Women are resisting paying an outrageous \$140 for shoes that sold a year ago for \$90. This year parents are passing up cheap, gimmicky plastic toys and instead are choosing well-made, simply designed ones.

Rather than lay out \$400 for an off-brand color TV that may have to be replaced in a few years, consumers are choosing \$600 and \$700 Sonys, the industry's standard of excellence, whose sales are up substantially. At Beverly Hills' trendy Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf shop, the all-metal \$99.50 Eva brand coffee maker outsells by 3 to 1 the part plastic \$79.95 Braun coffee brewer. Sales of Kodak's low-priced Instamatic cameras have been sluggish, but sales are really clicking for Nikon, Olympus and Canon cameras, which retail for some \$250 and up, and provide all the features that most people are ever likely to want in a lifetime. The understated lines and craftsmanship of the Cartier tank watch, starting at \$450, keep it as popular today as when Louis Cartier first designed it in 1917 to commemorate the U.S. Tank Corps in France.

Advertising campaigns, such as the one for Black & Decker power and home workshop tools, increasingly stress quality and craftsmanship. Thom McAn, once the proud purveyor of low-cost shoes for kids, now also promotes upscale footwear

for women, and ads extoll features like cushioned and arched insoles for its new line of track shoes. Maytag Co. commercials emphasize that their repairmen are "the loneliest people in the world" because the company's washing machines are so well made that nobody needs to have them repaired. Whirlpool, which also produces washing machines, links craftsmanship to patriotism. Its commercials show inspirational scenes of eagles in flight, while a voice-over intones that pride of workmanship made the nation great. Even the fast-food industry is catching the trend. Wendy's touts the quality of its hamburgers instead of the industry's traditional message of "eat fast and cheap."

Quality sells partly because so many women have gained paying jobs. Out in the working world, earning their own money, they have become more discerning, demanding shoppers. Another major factor is that many consumers are moving into a group that Stephen Frankfort, director of creative planning for Kenyon & Eckhardt, has labeled the "maturity market." They are the folks in the 34% of U.S. households that are headed by adults aged 45 to 64. They have the highest family income in the nation. More important, they have worked hard for their wealth and do not want to waste it on tinsel. Says Frankfort: "The maturity market is careful in spending its money. This is a market that wants to be told facts instead of buried in gimmicks. You can't put something over on these people."

Value-conscious consumers, of course, are not the only people paying premium prices. Some upmarket shopping is strictly self-indulgent and "Me Generation" snobbery. Candy consumption is down, but status-hungry consumers are still gobbling up items like Godiva chocolates at \$12 per lb. L'Oréal hair-care products push the message to shoppers: "L'Oréal is more expensive, and I'm worth it." Still, says Lord & Taylor Chairman Joseph E. Brooks, "I do not think there will be promiscuous luxury buying of gifts."

At the other end of the scale, inflation is cutting into sales of lower-priced products by eroding the buying power of families that are less well-off. When prices go up faster than wages, as has been the case since last fall, families that earn the least are squeezed the most. The median U.S. income for a family of four will hit \$18,467 this year, according to the Tax Foundation, but in real purchasing power, after inflation and taxes, it has fallen 8% since 1972.

Yet except for big cars and houses, consumer spending remains strong. This is remarkable in view of the exploding cost of consumer credit, which runs as much as 19% to 20% for money borrowed from finance companies. If the trend in spending holds up for the next month, retailers can look forward to a respectable, if not blushing robust, season. Certainly those merchants who offer quality, durability and reliability will enjoy a nice green Christmas. ■

Spread of Petrobrinkmanship

Banking is dragged deeper into the Iranian crisis

Fear and uncertainty shook the money markets as petrobrinkmanship spread further than ever into the nervous realm of high finance. While Iranian officials openly delighted in the chaos they were creating, the acting Finance and Foreign Minister threatened to renege on his government's debts to foreign banks and other creditors the world over. Renouncing previous pledges of payment, Abol Hassan Bani-sadr declared: "We will not pay back these debts. How can we repay loans that former plunderers received from their foreign accomplices and put back into the accomplices' banks?" He put the debts at "\$15 billion, possibly more."

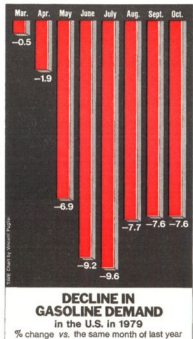
Whether or not the roundhouse threat was genuine, the danger was that OPEC's big depositors would grow wary about the

too soon. Observed a top international banker in London: "The situation is fraught with peril. There are only potential sellers of dollars out there, no buyers at all." Added Giuseppe Tomé, an investment banker in Geneva: "The feeling exists in the banking community that a fuse has been lighted in world finance. No one is yet predicting an imminent explosion or panic, but if one does come, people will hardly be surprised."

Pessimistic moneymen scarcely seemed to notice some surprisingly encouraging news: U.S. consumption of oil is sharply declining. With prices rising dramatically and the nation's economy slowing, people at last are conserving energy. Gasoline consumption in October was down almost 8% from year-earlier levels; diesel and home heating oil sales were off 6.9%. Meanwhile, the Environmental Protection Agency gave permission to New England's largest power plant, the Brayton Point utility in Somerset, Mass., to conserve more oil by converting two of its four generators to burn low-sulfur coal. The energy supply picture also looked a bit brighter because Texaco announced a new find of natural gas in the Baltimore Canyon off the New Jersey coast.

The drop in U.S. oil use should have given the dollar a needed boost on money markets. But the greenback twitched indecisively as traders remained mesmerized by the theatrics of the Iranian drama. Since the freezing of Iran's money in U.S. banks, some of the counterthreats from Tehran have been plainly bluster. "We have the dollar by the throat," chortled Bani-sadr. Not quite. Though the National Iranian Oil Co. announced that it no longer will accept dollars for oil, Iran needs the U.S. currency to pay for imports of everything from Australian wheat to Japanese machinery, which are all priced in dollars in international trading. Iran's oil exports, which have been declining in recent weeks, amount to about \$70 million daily, only a fraction of the more than \$150 billion that normally changes hands every day in international dollar transactions.

Iran has been trying to induce other members of the OPEC cartel to refuse payment for oil in dollars and instead to demand a "basket" of other currencies, presumably West German marks, Swiss and French francs, and Japanese yen. In fact, there is not nearly enough of these currencies available to pay for the huge oil transactions, and European and Japanese governments would wind up unavoidably having to expand their money supplies in a most inflationary way to accommodate the deals. Fortunately, the Saudis and other oil producers plan to continue accepting dollars. To ban them would cause the U.S. currency to plunge and OPEC's



stability of the world's banking system, perhaps even calling into question the value of money itself. A number of OPEC nations might even decide that it was wiser to keep oil in the ground instead of pumping up so much of it in exchange for mere paper. At the moment that Bani-sadr was posturing, U.S. Treasury Secretary G. William Miller was jetting to Saudi Arabia, to try to persuade Persian Gulf leaders not to cut their oil production in the months ahead. He also wanted to assure them that, although the Carter Administration had seized some \$8 billion to \$9 billion in official Iranian assets, their money was safe in U.S. banks.

The assurance came not a moment

Economy & Business

Open Season on the FTC

Regulation run amuck unleashes a congressional revolt

dollar deposits to be washed out.

Even if Tehran finally does not default on its debts, the danger is that European and Japanese banks might call in their loans to Iran. The possibility became more acute last week. That was because of an action by an eleven-member international financing syndicate headed by the Chase Manhattan Bank. The syndicate voted to declare a \$500 million loan to Iran in default for failure by Tehran to pay some \$4 million in interest charges. The Iranian central bank retorted that it had instructed the Chase to transfer the needed funds from an Iranian account in New York to Chase's London branch where the interest was owed, but that the U.S.'s freezing of its assets had prevented the transfer. Asserted an official bank statement released in London (before Bani-sadr contradicted it): "There is no intention on the part of the Iranian government not to meet its international financial obligations."

Chase responded that the Iranian statement was not correct. It and the six other U.S. banks in the syndicate voted, over the protest of the four non-U.S. banks involved, to declare the default. The U.S. banks could use the Iranian assets frozen a week earlier to offset their own \$300 million share of the loan, but the non-U.S. banks (two Swiss, one British and one Canadian) had no such recourse. Their only options were either to activate a so-called cross default clause and foreclose on the Iranian government in court for the remaining \$200 million, or to refloat their share of the loan independently of the U.S. banks. Said one angry European banker: "This is a dangerous escalation of the financial war that American banks are waging against Iran."

Bankers hate to declare defaults because they can spread like a virus. With Iran's credit in doubt, banks from Tokyo to Zurich may feel obliged to call in Tehran's loans. If Iran fails to pay off, jittery bankers would at the least become far more careful in making loans to any borrowers except those with the very best credit ratings. That could mean sharply higher interest rates to many of the world's developing nations, which collectively owe as much as \$124 billion to multinational banks and are borrowing more and more just to pay the existing interest. Quite a few countries are too broke to meet their debts. Warned one London banker: "If allowed to continue, the standoff between Iran and the U.S. could become a showdown between the West and large parts of the Third World."

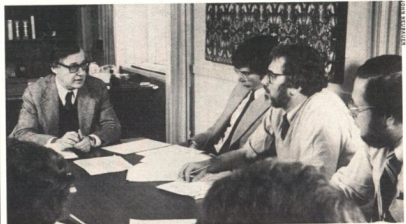
It is just such an eventuality that troubles conservative bankers the most. In preparation for what could clearly turn out to be some highly unsettled days ahead, many of Europe's leading bankers were expected to meet hurriedly over the weekend in London to decide what, if anything, to do about the deteriorating situation in Iran. ■

The usually somnolent annual congressional review of the Federal Trade Commission this year has resembled a West Waterford fox hunt, where packs of baying Irish hounds chase the hapless beast to ground. In both the House and Senate, committees have voted to reduce drastically the commission's powers. After the Senate Commerce Committee voted 15 to 0 last week to restrict the agency's authority and require it to submit to semiannual review, Missouri Republican John Danforth said: "If this doesn't stop them, I don't know what will."

Such congressional action reflects the public's new antiregulatory sentiment. The FTC has come to epitomize all the

real companies; it has proposed breaking them up and banning ads for presweetened cereals from Saturday morning's TV cartoon shows. An FTC-proposed rule warned that such ads were enticing children to "surreptitiously" sneak cereals into Mom's shopping cart. Washington wags quipped that the FTC would soon ban peanut butter because it stuck to the roof of the mouth.

Suffering businessmen, using effective Washington lobbying, began to complain loudly. President William LaMothe of the Kellogg cereal company accused the commission of exhibiting "absence of fundamental fairness." Kentucky Senator Wendell Ford said that the agency had



Morning staff meeting with Commission Chairman Pertschuk seated at the head of the table
From little old lady on Pennsylvania Avenue to nation's nanny and cereal warrior.

problems of Government regulation run amuck. This new notoriety represents a strange metamorphosis for a body that in 1969 an American Bar Association commission condemned for inactivity and Ralph Nader's Raiders ridiculed as "the little old lady on Pennsylvania Avenue." Established in 1914, the FTC for most of its history was a largely ineffective agency that rarely used its powers to curb deceptive advertising and to press antitrust cases. In 1975, however, Congress broadened the commission's mandate to investigate and regulate whole industries rather than just individual companies.

Using its new muscle, the agency became the nation's nanny. An FTC administrative judge challenged Pitching Star Vida Blue's pitches for drinking milk because blacks often have trouble digesting milk. The commission proposed a truth-in-menu rule that might mean, for example, that no restaurant could offer as Maryland crab any crustacean that had crawled into Delaware. The agency intensified a holy war against breakfast ce-

offended every businessman in his state. He noted that Louisville's Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., in answer to a subpoena, spent three years and \$800,000 to ship the FTC 14,000 pounds of documents. Chicago-area Businessman Joseph Sugarman, the owner of a mail-order firm selling home computers and burglar alarms, took out half-page ads this month in papers around the country to cry: "The FTC is harassing small businesses, but I'm not going to sit back and take it!" He claims his company has been threatened with a \$100,000 fine after three blizzards and a computer breakdown early this year had delayed deliveries beyond the 30-day limit permitted by FTC rules. The commission is investigating alleged delays over the past 2½ years.

Commission Chairman Michael Pertschuk, who was appointed by Jimmy Carter in 1977, has become the lightning rod of criticism against the FTC. An ebullient, Yale-trained lawyer with a crusader's rapid-fire zeal, Pertschuk has further raised the ire of both congressional lead-



1955. Robert Beck, newly appointed regional supervisor for
The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

Bob Beck, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?

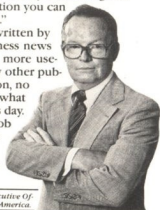
"I was appointed a regional supervisor for Prudential in 1955," says Robert Beck, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of The Prudential Insurance Company of America. "From that time on, I've read The Wall Street Journal every business day.

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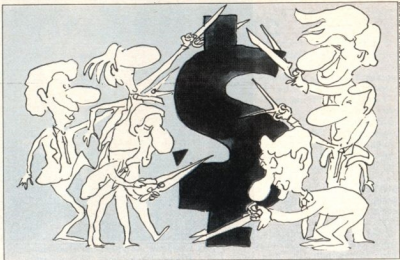
Economy & Business

ers and business. Senator Ford accuses him of turning the agency from law enforcement to social planning. Last year a federal judge banned Pertschuk from all involvement in the children's television case, concluding that he had become too biased against the cereal companies. Other critics charged that Pertschuk was an intemperate, excessive regulator. In the past few months the chairman has softened his voice, and he even appeared jokingly at a staff party with a black raincoat draped over his head. He answers the accusations against him by saying that they reflect the agency's new effectiveness and that "the rules are beginning to bite."

Congress, though, is determined to Cyank some of the FTC's teeth. The House Commerce Committee voted to give Congress a veto power over all commission regulations. This would be the first time that any federal regulator had been so controlled. By a lopsided 223 to 147 vote, the House two weeks ago recommended canceling commission plans to force undertakers to disclose their prices fully and in advance. Representative Bill Frenzel of Minnesota suggested that every FTC staff member and all five commissioners "should spend 20 years at hard labor filling in their own asinine forms." The Senate Commerce Committee voted last week to bar the agency's action to regulate television ads aimed at children, to halt an investigation of the insurance industry and to restrict the commission's subpoena powers.

These tough committee proposals are expected to win support in floor debates early in December. Reports TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil: "The old friends of consumer protection such as Ted Kennedy, Birch Bayh and George McGovern are largely in hiding or otherwise engaged running for election. The reformers really mean to punish the FTC and severely limit its powers." In an attempt to stop such congressional action, top Carter Aide Stuart Eizenstat sent an urgent plea to Senator Ford, arguing that the Senate was about to "undermine the capacity of Government agencies to meet real public needs."

Some of the FTC's recent actions, such as permitting lawyers to advertise despite the American Bar Association's restrictions and forbidding companies like Levi Strauss or Florsheim from setting minimum retail prices on their products, have benefited consumers. But the agency's excesses endanger its important consumer protection work. Says Republican David A. Clanton, one of the five FTC commissioners: "The trouble with the pendulum swinging the other way is that you knock out all the good stuff as well as chastising us where we need to be chastised." But when the final votes are taken on the various committee measures, Congress's antiregulatory mood is sure to result in a less powerful and less controversial FTC. ■



The Candidates' Me-Too Ideas

Don't spend and spend, but cut, trim and hope for the best

George Bush advocates a \$20 billion tax cut in 1981. Teddy Kennedy thinks a pump-priming cut may be necessary in 1980, but is not yet sure. John Connally wants a crowd-pleasing \$50 billion to \$100 billion tax reduction spread over three to five years, while Howard Baker figures a four-year time frame is about right. Both Jerry Brown and Ronald Reagan would like lower taxes and a balanced budget (who wouldn't?), but want the cuts linked to a constitutional limit on the growth of federal spending.

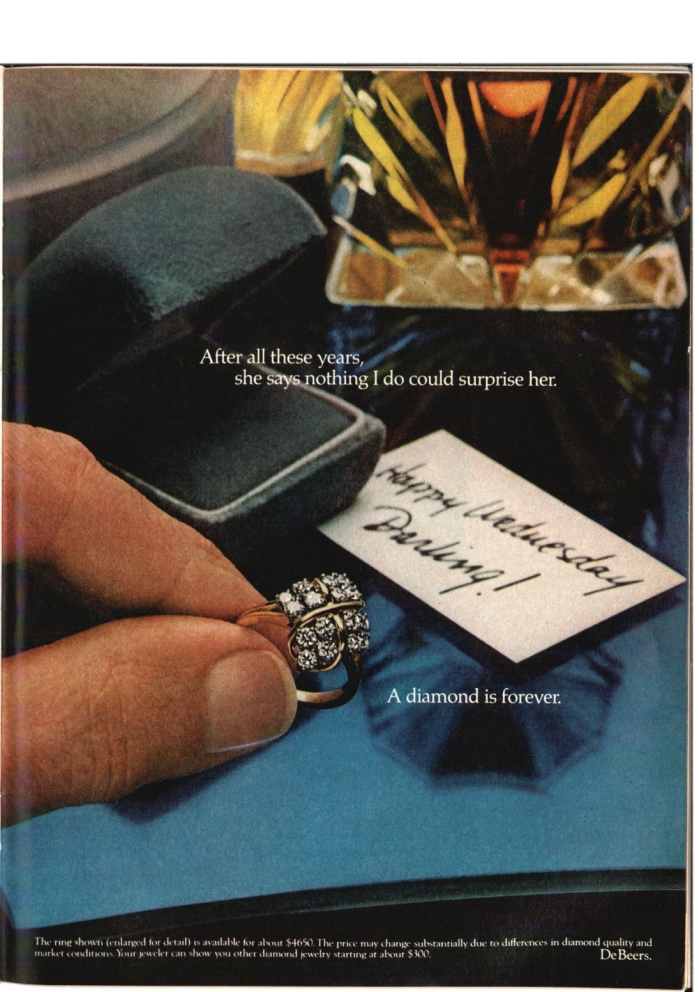
The main challengers to Jimmy Carter are beginning to stake out positions on that premier fret of the American public: the economy. So far, they are producing no ideas that seem much different from or better than Carter's but only an array of me-too remedies that are eclectic yet oddly limited. The common thread that winds through nearly all is that Government can help the most by meddling the least. The new fashion for 1980 will not be spend and spend, elect and elect, but cut and trim and hope for the best. A preview of the leading challengers' economic plans:

Edward Kennedy: Though his advisers include Keynesian luminaries Walter Heller, Joseph Pechman and Arthur Okun, Kennedy is spinning down his 17-year Senate record as a liberal Big Spender and emphasizing his economic "pragmatism." Last week Mobil's outspoken public affairs vice president, Herbert Schmertz, joined the Kennedy campaign staff as a top media adviser, even though Schmertz has repeatedly condemned the Senator's attacks on the oil industry. Kennedy supports the budget-paring efforts of Carter, but he fought this year to protect social spending programs from major cuts and co-sponsored legislation for such programs as federal funding for nurses'

training and money for school lunches. No one knows how much his proposed National Health Insurance plan would cost; estimates range from \$28 billion to \$45 billion a year. For many years he urged Robin Hood-style tax "reform" and a closing of capital gains benefits, but he has not lately repeated that theme.

Jerry Brown: The Democratic long shot no longer attacks businessmen as profit-grubbing plunderers of the environment, but he is having trouble fitting his "small is beautiful" philosophy to the realities of a \$2.4 trillion economy. Brown convincingly argues that the nation's throw-away economy squanders scarce resources; yet he would vastly expand exploration of outer space even though the payoff is doubtful at best. He calls for a ban on new nuclear power plants and would give much more of a subsidy to solar power, though almost every study shows that over the next two decades solar can supply only a small fraction of the nation's energy needs, while nuclear power remains necessary. Most economists say that his call for a constitutional amendment to force a balanced budget would gravely cripple the Government's ability to function.

Ronald Reagan: The Republican front runner is trying to smooth the edges of his earlier right-wing stridency. His chief economic adviser: Martin Anderson, who was a member of Richard Nixon's White House staff. Like Brown, Reagan calls for a constitutional limit on unrestrained spending. He also urges an income tax cut, perhaps as much as 33%, arguing that the boost to business would quickly result in more productivity. That, in theory, would generate increased tax receipts and cut the budget deficit. Reagan advocates the indexing of income tax rates—that is, people would pay taxes on the real,

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a diamond ring. The ring features a large, round, brilliant-cut diamond set in a gold band with a split-shank design. In the background, there is a dark, open jewelry box and a small, rectangular white card with handwritten text. The scene is set on a dark, reflective surface.

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The ring shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about \$4650. The price may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about \$300.

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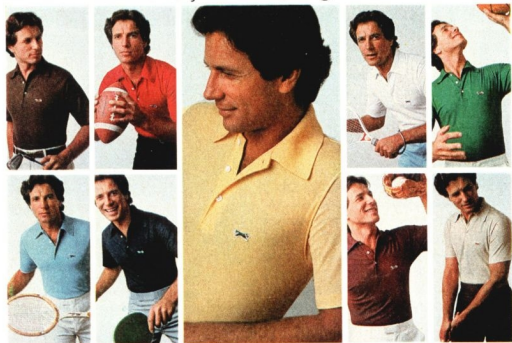
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Economy & Business

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

"Ideas Are All We Have"

not inflation-bloated, increases in their salaries. To hold federal spending low, he would shove federal welfare costs back onto the states, but he remains fuzzy on how the states would pay the bills without rocketing their own taxes.

John Connally: The business community's favorite candidate has put together the most comprehensive program. About a dozen right-leaning economists, including Charles Walker, Murray Weidenbaum and Albert Cox, are threshing out positions for him on everything from a value added tax (he sees merit in the idea but thinks it falls too harshly on those who earn the least) to a constitutional limit on spending (only "as a last resort"). Connally favors faster write-offs for capital investment, proposes larger wage jolts of defense spending and wants deep, budget-wide cuts in just about everything else, basically by allowing attrition to whittle the federal payroll. To increase trade he, along with Reagan and Brown, calls for a North American common market. To spur savings Connally would create a "taxpayer's nest egg," in which people could invest up to \$10,000 of income, tax-free, so long as they put it in a bank account, stock or bond and reinvested the interest, dividend or capital gain.

George Bush: He borrows a little from each of his competitors. Much of his thinking was pulled together during briefings by Economists Arthur Burns, Paul McCracken, Herbert Stein and Paul MacAvoy at Bush's summer home in Kennebunkport, Me. He urges an energy effort as metaphorically grand as "the landing on the beaches of Normandy." Yet he fails to outline a strategy for D-day beyond a vague "supply-oriented" program that features a watered-down windfall profits tax to finance drilling and synthetic fuels development. Bush calls for limits on federal spending but rules out a constitutional yoke. His \$20 billion tax cut would be split fifty-fifty between business and individuals.

Howard Baker: His pursuit of the broad center has produced a six-point economic program that exudes moderation. He calls for a phased four-year schedule of tax cuts, of so far undetermined size. He pledges not to impose wage and price controls, promises to restrict the growth of the money supply, and vaguely calls for a two-year "moratorium" on the issuing of new regulations. He supports a constitutional amendment that would require a balanced budget unless a deficit is approved by two-thirds of Congress. To stimulate saving and investment, he would exempt from taxation at least some savings interest payments and would favor faster write-offs of plant and equipment.

If nothing else, the me-too familiarity of almost all the leading candidates shows just how intractable the nation's economic problems really are. So far, the challengers to Carter in Campaign 1980 have done little more than rehash the safe, the secure and the unexciting. ■

He looks like a schoolteacher, and he really wanted to become a political science instructor, but he drifted into Dad's Chevy dealership in Hopkins, Minn. So what can one expect from an auto salesman named Bud? Maybe some snappy marketing ideas, but usually not many grand plans. Yet today Bud Grossman, neat and bland at 58, is the Minnesota Money Machine.

He started a company that ten years ago had revenues of \$6.5 million; in fiscal 1979 they hit \$445 million; next year, after acquiring a firm that leases containers for ships, they are expected to reach \$650 million. Grossman leases and manages vehicles and now commands a larger fleet than the U.S. Postal Service: 275,000 autos, trucks, trailers, forklifts and refrigerated vans. His customers include 85% of the FORTUNE 500 and thousands of other firms from Mexico's Yucatán to Canada's Yukon and into Europe. More than that, from his glass-walled office overlooking aptly named Eden Prairie, Minn., Grossman propagates some unorthodox notions about how to build a major enterprise and motivate managers and enhance productivity.

Necessity forces creativity, in Grossman's view. Necessity was the ultimate energy source that propelled him into leasing. The family auto dealership had branched out so widely in the early 1960s that Chevrolet would not grant it more franchises in greater Minneapolis. But Grossman figured out that he could get as many cars as he wanted, if he leased—not sold—them to large companies.

So he launched General Leasing Co., later abridged to Gelco. It grew big be-

BYD BAKER



Gelco Chairman Bud Grossman

cause Grossman had a further idea: don't just lease vehicles but also manage them, keep computer records on when each one needs a lube job or a tire change, when to trade it in for the best price. Companies tripped all over themselves to buy his service; it eliminated one more management migraine. He admits: "There is nothing we do that any one of our clients cannot do. But they cannot do it as inexpensively as we because we aim all of our services at a large market."

Anything that moves is Grossman's target. Packages move; Gelco bought a courier service that in fiscal 1979 did \$65 million in business and, helped by mass marketing and computerized control, may top \$95 million next year. People move; Grossman is building a service by which corporate travel will be handled by a central reservation and billing service. He also watches over that wondrous American institution: the expense account. Companies can require that salesmen and others on the expense account submit their claims to Gelco's computers, which check them for any excesses.

Grossman hires young, hungry executives and believes in giving them the opportunity to fail. Only if they are willing to take chances, he feels, will they produce ideas. "I cannot ever remember telling a manager, 'Now, you can't do this.' Instead, I might say, 'If I were doing it, I wouldn't do it your way. But I do not believe that there is just one right way to do something.'"

There are times—not many—when a Gelco manager takes a risk and flops. "But if he does," says Grossman, "he learns a whole lot. He also gains a certain confidence in the company because it backed him up. We have to be damn sure that we don't make anybody so scared that he will be afraid to float a suggestion or try something. Ideas are really all we have."

Grossman harbors a revisionist belief: technology retards productivity by ultimately robbing people of creativity. "The new office technology is a step backward. The worker gets bored as hell with what he is doing. A person used to sit down and type a letter and identify with it. Now we put it into one big damn machine, change a few words and produce 100 or 1,000 different letters. We have dehumanized a lot of things."

Putting back some humanity can also help efficiency. After only 90 days on the job, every new headquarters employee at Gelco has to be comprehensively interviewed: How do you like what you are doing? What can we do to make your job better? Says Bud Grossman: "We are involving our employees in a lot more decision making. If we can push decision making down to the lowest level, we will do better." And it may well be that the whole economy will do better.

Medicine

The Shah's Galling Gallstone

Doctors hope to remove it without using surgery

From the day the Shah of Iran arrived in the U.S. for medical treatment, news of his condition has centered on his six-year fight with cancer. But another painful disorder was the more immediate cause of his sudden flight to New York City: gallstones.

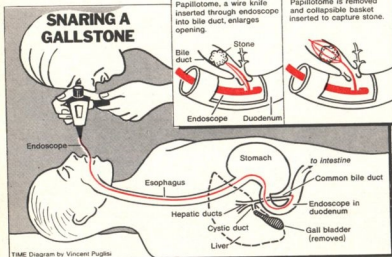
Within two days of being admitted to New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, the deposed monarch was in the operating room, where surgeons removed his stone-filled gall bladder. At the same time, they explored the bile ducts connecting the liver and gall bladder to the duodenum (the upper portion of the small intestine), looking for additional stones: As is

surgery. For years the only remedy was to operate again. But within the past decade, physicians have devised several techniques to remove additional stones without cutting the patient open again.

For the Shah, doctors plan to make use of the channel formed by a rubber tube that was inserted through an opening in the abdomen and into the common bile duct during the initial operation to drain off bile. In such operations, doctors generally remove the tube, then insert a thinner, flexible catheter and advance it down the channel into the bile duct until it reaches the stone, which has been located by X rays. Then another

within the tube, which is only a centimeter (about two-fifths of an inch) in diameter, transmit light and allow the doctor to see where he is going.

Next a thin wire, covered with plastic except at its tip, is passed through the endoscope and positioned in the papilla, the nipple-like opening to the bile duct. An electric current sent through this wire papillotomy burns a larger opening in the papilla and cauterizes the wound. Stones can then pass from the bile duct into the duodenum and on through the intestine. Or they can be retrieved by a wire basket threaded through the endoscope and extracted from the mouth of the sedated patient. The general anesthesia required in surgery is not necessary. Patients can eat on the same day and frequently resume their normal routine after only an overnight stay in the hospital. Dr. Jerome Siegel, a gastroenterologist at New York's Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, has used this method on about 150 patients and is sold on it. Says he: "Within 48 hours, one of my patients, a 58-year-old woman, played 18 holes of golf—and shot a better score than usual."



sometimes the case in one of these difficult probes, at least one stone (in the common bile duct) escaped detection. Doctors have revealed that perhaps as soon as the end of this week they might attempt to remove the remaining stone—without surgery.

Gallstones are formed by bile, a fluid produced in the liver and stored in the gall bladder, that helps digest fats. Bile consists of a delicately balanced solution of cholesterol, bile acids and fatty substances. When it contains excessive cholesterol, bile crystallizes into stones that may be expelled into the ducts, blocking the flow of bile and usually causing severe pain. As bile backs up in the liver and is picked up and carried by the blood, it can give the skin the yellowish hue of jaundice.

About half a million people in the U.S. each year have their gall bladders removed and—in some of the cases—their bile ducts explored. Occasionally stones are missed or new ones form after sur-

tube, this one with a collapsed wire basket at its tip, is threaded through the catheter to the stone. With careful maneuvering, the stone is snared and both tubes are drawn out.

Doctors also have their choice of two other techniques. One, still experimental, involves circulating bile acids through the same channel into the bile duct and continuously bathing the stone until it is dissolved. The third method—used when no drainage tube has been inserted or when the stones are too large to pass through the drainage canal—is more complex. Called endoscopic papillotomy, it was developed in Japan and Germany and is now beginning to find increasing favor in the U.S. A long, flexible, hollow tube called an endoscope is inserted into the patient's mouth and snaked down the esophagus, through the stomach, and into the duodenum to the juncture with the common bile duct. Fiberoptic bundles

Bionic Blood

It may soon flow here

It is all too familiar to doctors. The patient desperately needs blood for an operation but is a member of Jehovah's Witnesses, a group with religious beliefs that forbid blood transfusions. Often physicians must stand idly by while such a patient dies. But now, in one case at the University of Minnesota Hospital in Minneapolis, doctors have resolved this dilemma. The solution: a transfusion using artificial blood, the first time it has been attempted in the U.S.

In October a 67-year-old Jehovah's Witness had undergone surgery without blood transfusion. Discharged from the hospital, he soon developed severe anemia and was readmitted. A transfusion was urgently needed, so his doctors decided on a novel approach. They asked the FDA for permission to try an experimental blood substitute called Fluosol.

A fluorocarbon mixture, Fluosol can dissolve and carry vast amounts of oxygen, thus doing the work of blood while giving the body a chance to replenish its own supply. The Fluosol is gradually excreted; after 65 days, half of it is gone. Developed in Japan at Kobe University and the Green Cross pharmaceutical company, it is now being tested there in human patients. If artificial blood is eventually approved for general use, it will be a boon not only to Jehovah's Witnesses, but in any case where blood is not easily obtainable, or when there is no time to match blood types—on the battlefield, for example, or at the scene of accidents.



SHEDDING LIGHT ON DARK GOVERNMENT PRACTICES

BOISE, Idaho—Boise's downtown needed revitalization and the city council was pushing a renewal plan created by a council-chosen developer.

The council refused to provide a forum for a community discussion of a second renewal plan that had some public support.

The council simply closed the door on public discussion.

The Idaho Statesman, a Gannett newspaper, provided the forum through two town meetings which attracted 1,600 people.

The meetings led to formation of citizen advisory committees, and to a revised plan incorporating some of the best aspects of both proposals.

The citizens of Boise exercised their right to participate in shaping the future of their city.

At Gannett, we support and encourage such efforts as those of The Idaho Statesman to develop community discussion.

They symbolize our proudest goals: professional excellence in news coverage and total commitment to strong, independent service

to the community.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, television, radio, outdoor advertising or public opinion research.

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A World Of Different Voices
Where Freedom Speaks

Every American in or out of government should know the facts about the Chrysler loan guarantee.

Should Chrysler be given a loan guarantee?

The editorialists and the self-styled experts have been holding their own debate in the press for several months. It's been long on rhetoric, but short on facts.

The debate is now going on in Congress. Many hours of careful investigation and thoughtful hard work should improve the quality of the debate.

A Chrysler loan guarantee is not a partisan political issue. It is a national issue that reaches into every state in the Union.

It touches the lives of thousands upon thousands of Americans everywhere. Workers. Taxpayers. Stockholders. Union members. Businessmen. And yes, Congressmen.

Many serious questions have been raised. And they deserve serious answers.

With facts.

Would a loan guarantee for Chrysler set a dangerous precedent?

The American people should know \$409 billion of federal loans and guarantees are on the books right now.

No Senator. No Congressman. No one will be setting a precedent on behalf of Chrysler.

The precedent has already been set.

For whom? Steel companies. Chemical companies. Shipbuilders. Railroads. Airlines. Farmers. And \$10.4 billion for small businesses.

Even an automobile company, American Motors, has received federal assistance. A special federal tax-credit rebate. A two year waiver from

the final emissions standards for oxides of nitrogen. Such a waiver, if granted to Chrysler, could have saved us over \$300 million.

No. A loan guarantee for Chrysler is not a dangerous precedent. It's a pressing necessity.

Is a loan guarantee good business?

The loan guarantee is good business for some very simple reasons.

The Secretary of the Treasury has testified that if Chrysler does not get the loan guarantee, it could cost the federal government \$2.75 billion in lost revenues, unemployment and welfare. That doesn't count the costs to state and local governments. The bankruptcy of countless small businesses dependent on Chrysler. And the human misery visited on hundreds of thousands of unemployed. A government authorized study estimates that the total cost to the nation would be \$16.5 billion during the 1979-1981 period.

Chrysler will make the cars America needs. Chrysler will be able to provide one million 4-cylinder, front-wheel drive cars a year for America beginning in the fall of 1980. By 1985, all Chrysler cars will be fuel-efficient front-wheel drive cars.

And they will provide the very modest sales gains Chrysler's plan for future profitability is built on.

As a result of new tooling, improved manufacturing techniques, better quality, and lower warranty costs, Chrysler will realize better profit margins.

Chrysler's fixed costs have already been cut by \$600 million a year.

The passage of the loan guarantee will be the vote of confidence needed for Chrysler to secure the

matching outside financial help required by the bill. A considerable portion of which already exists.

The new management of Chrysler in concert with the Administration has put together a sound business plan.

Is everybody in the American automobile business guilty of mismanagement?

Chrysler will lose over a billion dollars in 1979. Ford will lose a billion dollars on its North American automotive operations in 1979. And another billion in 1980.

GM lost an estimated \$300 million on their U.S. automotive operations in the July, August, September quarter alone.

Something is wrong somewhere. We can't all be bad managers.

Maybe what we've been saying about the burden of government regulation has some truth in it after all.

Regardless of Chrysler's huge losses. Regardless of a recession and slumping sales of cars and trucks. Regardless of a prime interest rate of fifteen and a half percent. Chrysler must spend \$160 million each and every month, or be in violation of the law.

A prudent businessman would cut back.

The law says Chrysler can't.

Why can't Ford and GM just absorb the Chrysler unemployed?

Most of the cars Chrysler makes are small cars. Chrysler doesn't sell very many big cars.

Ford and GM are selling just about all the small cars they can make. Without capacity to make more small cars they can't hire more people.

If Chrysler were to stop production tomorrow, only the imports could fill the demand for more small cars. That would aggravate the balance of payments problem by at least another billion dollars a year.

America wouldn't just import more small cars. We would export jobs. How much longer can we afford that?

Like it or not, Ford and GM won't absorb the bulk of Chrysler unemployed.

They just can't.

Is reorganization of Chrysler under bankruptcy a workable alternative to a loan guarantee?

All of us have to think about this question as though we were in the market for a car.

Not as editorialists, theoreticians or even bankruptcy experts. But car buyers.

The car buyer wants parts and service. He wants to protect his investment. He must have confidence in the company from whom he buys a product worth thousands of dollars.

If he does not, he will not buy.

What will happen to confidence in Chrysler under bankruptcy proceedings? What will happen to its sales? To its cash flow?

What will happen to its dealers? To its suppliers?

If Chrysler doesn't sell cars it can't build cars.

What will happen to its people.

Reorganization under bankruptcy is a risk neither Chrysler nor America can afford to take.

The alternative to a loan guarantee is not bankruptcy. For a very simple reason.

It won't work.

What will the loan guarantee cost the American taxpayer?

The government loan guarantee will allow Chrysler to secure financing from banks and other lending institutions.

Chrysler is planning cars that are right for America. Fuel-efficient, technologically advanced cars.

That's what makes us so confident about future profitability.

The loans will be repaid. With interest.

The loan guarantee will cost the taxpayer nothing.

You can count on it.



Lee A. Iacocca
Chairman, Chrysler Corporation

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Milestones

MARRIED. William Welsh Graham, 31, adjunct professor of law at U.C.L.A. and son of Washington Post Co. Chairman Katharine Graham; and **Caroline Cushing**, fortyish gossip columnist for the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* and onetime companion of David Frost; in Beverly Hills, Calif.; he for the first time, she for the third.

DIED. Richard Rovere, 64, astute political reporter and author who for 30 years wrote the Washington Letter for *The New Yorker*; of emphysema; in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The New Jersey-born son of an electrical engineer, Rovere graduated from Columbia and worked as an editor at the *Nation* before joining *The New Yorker* in 1944. A liberal who had once flirted with Communism, Rovere was noted for his fairness, his objectivity and his ability to place politics in perspective.

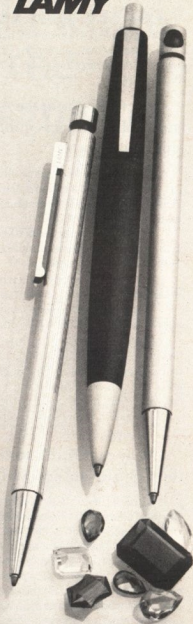
DIED. Merle Oberon, 68, arrestingly beautiful cinemactress who rose to fame in the '30s and '40s in such classics as *Wuthering Heights* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*; after a stroke; in Los Angeles. Oberon was born Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson on the island of Tasmania. Educated in India, she left for England in 1928, worked as an extra and dance hostess until she met and married Film Producer Alexander Korda. Her 1933 portrayal of Anne Boleyn in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* made her a star. Divorcing Korda in 1945, she went on to play such Hollywood roles as George Sand in *A Song to Remember* and Josephine opposite Marlon Brando's Napoleon in *Desiree*.

DIED. Dewey Short, 81, oft elected (twelve terms), former Republican Congressman from Missouri who became Assistant Secretary of the Army under Eisenhower; of a heart attack; in Washington.

DIED. Immanuel Velikovsky, 84, Russian-born psychoanalyst and iconoclastic author, whose unorthodox theories of cosmic evolution, published in 1950 as *Worlds in Collision*, outraged scientists; in Princeton, N.J. Combining a vast knowledge of biblical and mythological lore with his study of Freud's analysis of the subconscious mind of Moses, Velikovsky developed a controversial theory of colliding planets. He contended—in total violation of the laws of celestial mechanics—that a fragment from the planet Jupiter brushed by earth in 1500 B.C. before setting into orbit as the planet Venus. The cataclysmic encounter, he claimed, caused hurricanes and floods and an interruption in the earth's rotation, thus explaining such seemingly miraculous events described in the Old Testament as the parting of the Red Sea. Though his ideas earned him visionary status among a youthful following, he sought but never obtained recognition from scholars, many of whom referred to him as the "Grand Old Man of the Fringe."

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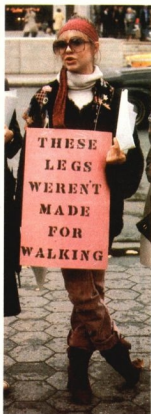


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Instead of dancing, Kirkland walks while Godunov withdraws



Everybody seemed to be out of step at the American Ballet Theater. For six months, the company and 77 dancers—soloists and the *corps de ballet*—have been bickering over salaries and travel expenses. A *sotto voce* complaint, in addition, was that Soviet Defector **Alexander Godunov** had been offered a six-figure salary to dance with the A.B.T. or about as much as management seemed willing to grant the lesser dancers all together in raises. So bitter were feelings that the company canceled performances, while superstars like **Gelsey Kirkland** joined the picket line. Last week, Godunov complicated things by abruptly resigning from the A.B.T. before ever dancing a single *pas* because he had become an issue. Not so, insisted the dancers in a group note urging him to reconsider and requesting "the honor and privilege of being your friends." Balletomanes are awaiting the next act with understandable interest.

Prince Philip picked the spot, a wooded glen on the grounds of Balmoral Castle. There, to mark the 32nd wedding anniversary of Britain's Queen and her husband, photographers recorded them with their three sons and their married daughter. Eleven royal dogs uncomposed some of the pictures as they flitted about the family feet. So, too, did First Grandchild **Peter Phillips**, 2, who distracted Mother **Anne**, 29, Uncles **Charles**, 31, **Andrew**, 19, and **Edward**, 15, and his grandmother with a lively

Master Peter distracts a royal photographic session at Balmoral



Perry Como with Greer Garson in New Mexico for his Christmas show

game of Ring-a-ring of roses in which Master Peter dropped delightedly to the turf when he came to the line "A-tishoo! A-tishoo! All fall down!"

■
'Tis the season to see Perry, fa la la la. For the 16th year, **Perry Como** returns to television on Dec. 14 as host of his annual Christmas show. This year the singer, 67, celebrates "Christmas in New Mexico," aided by **Greer Garson**, a Como friend since Hollywood days. Garson, who now works a cattle ranch called Forked Lightning near Santa Fe with Husband **Buddy Fogelson**, welcomes Easterner Como to her adopted Southwest and recites the poem "Christmas Eve in Santa Fe."

■
"Stone walls do not a prison make," said the poet, "nor iron bars a cage." Tell that to petite Brunette **Maria-Christina ("Putzi") von Opel**, 28, playgirl heiress to a vast German auto fortune. Last week von Opel found herself behind walls and bars facing a ten-year prison term after a French court in



Von Opel with Cousin Günter

Draguignan found her guilty of financing a 1977 scheme to import Middle East hashish into West Germany and Italy via Saint-Tropez. Why should an heiress worth \$70 million involve herself in a drug ring? Neither von Opel nor any of her seven co-defendants ever said, but the longer her three-week trial went on, the more it became apparent that she was less a pawn than a principal in the plot. Cousin **Günter Sachs**, himself known mainly as a playboy, blamed von Opel's predicament on an unhappy childhood and a latter-day regimen that included two bottles of vodka daily. So convinced of her guilt were the French judges who heard the case that they doubled the recommended five-year punishment.

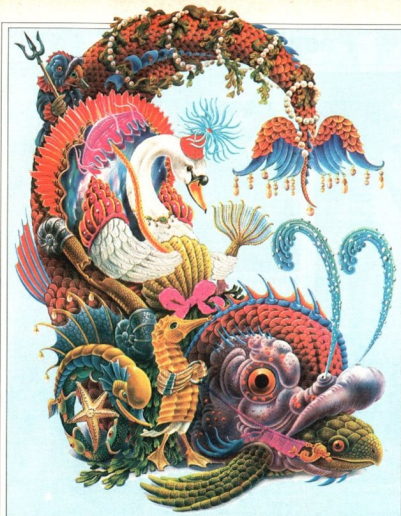


Illustration from *The Peacock Party* by Harry Willock, Alan Aldridge and George E. Ryder

Books

A Child's Portion of Good Reading

Legends and literature about kings and commoners

Isaac Bashevis Singer tells how, at a party shortly after the publication of *Zlateh the Goat*, he met a woman who asked him to autograph a copy for her. "Who is the child?" Singer inquired. "It's for me," the woman confessed. "I am the child."

No children's book has lasting value unless it speaks to the child in the adult—and vice versa. Works that appeal solely to kids seldom outlast their Christmas wrapping. Those that attract only grownups lie unread, gathering dust as they await the next garage sale. This year, as before, most volumes aim for the wallet or the

crib. But a few manage to speak the universal languages of wit and delight:

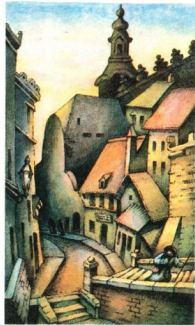
Mitsumasa Anno has become the Escher of Japan. His trompe l'oeil paintings and optical illusions have become collector's items, and his books for the young (*Anno's Alphabet*, *Anno's Journey*) educate while they keep the ribble visible. In *The King's Flower* (Collins; \$7.95), the artist depicts a regent who prefers everything king-size (the fish-



Fungus the Boggeman
by Raymond Briggs

es for whales, and his toothbrush is carried by two men). Uneasy lies the crown that wears a big head. When the King decides to grow the world's greatest flower, he finds what any kid could have told him: large is legal, but small is regal.

The pop-up book is a century-old tradition, lost and recently reclaimed. In 1878, with ingenious design and careful lithography, Franz Bonn produced *The Children's Theatre*. In this reproduction (Viking; \$7.95), the colors retain their Dickensian character and the stage provides witty vaudevilleries to vanished pan-



The Treasure by Uri Shulevitz

tomimes: Hänsel and Gretel, Little Red Riding Hood, the Nativity and a family at Christmas Eve. The *Theatre's* pictures may not move as fast as the ones on TV, but its scenes have four dimensions: length, breadth, depth and wonder.

The aisle-struck may further indulge their enthusiasms by building another undersized theater: the Edward Gorey mock-up of *Dracula* (Scribners; \$8.95). Despite the title, Gorey's gothica are no more frightening than a Road Runner cartoon. The cast of innocents and plotters resemble worried clothespins, and even the count appears to be a man who would go to bat for kids any time. The only off-putting part of this work is its R-rated instructions. No child should attempt to construct the set without the accompaniment of an adult.

Like *Dracula*, a joint effort titled *Occult Man* (Viking; \$8.95) only seems to be memorabilia: a suite of paintings depicting the severity and benignity of old New England farm life. In fact it is as fresh as the mornings it represents and as worthy as the folk who populate its pages. Barbara Cooney's pictures have the grace of folk art, and Poet Donald Hall's decep-



Arnold Lobel's illustration for *Oliver Pig*

tively simple tale of a man who travels by oxpower uses white space the way down-Easters employ silence: to speak volumes about the present tense and the past perfect.

If *Ox-Cart Man* uses few words, **The Story of an English Village** (Atheneum; \$7.95) is totally mute. Still, John S. Goodall's watercolors are eloquent enough to carry the progress of a British town from medieval beginnings to its present state. In other hands, the use of half pages overlaid on full ones might be a gimmick. But Goodall's visual narrative is so controlled, and his costumes and customs so accurate, that history assumes a personality.

Moving by lively steps, it arranges hemlines and coats, advances from midwives to doctors, from town criers to village schools, to the ambiguous benefits of buses and telephones. No other Christmas book can cover so many centuries between the final story and the good-night kiss.

And after lights-out? Dreams, of course. Few black-and-white drawings have caught their incongruous logic as well as **The Garden of Abdul Gasazi** (Houghton Mifflin; \$8.95).

A suburban boy takes a nap on a magical couch. When he rises, he finds himself in a twilight garden, owned by an ominous wizard in a fez. Nothing is quite the same, not even his pet. The fat man's hobby: turning pet dogs into ducks. Long after the spell ends, an eerie residue remains, like a dream that persists in the waking world. Chris Van Allsburg's narrative leans too hard on pictures of topiary animals and foreboding dwellings, but his brilliant illustrations resemble snapshots taken by the brain of Poe.

Once Tutankhamun returned from the tomb, it was inevitable that publishers would discover the Nile. Several have done so, simultaneously vulgarizing the past and present. But two new books offer a deep understanding of how people looked and thought a world ago. In **Mummies Made in Egypt** (Crowell; \$8.95), Aliko unravels the secrets of ba, the ancient Egyptian concept of the soul, and ka, the invisible twin of the deceased. Both ba and ka wandered after death, and they could only return to a recognizable body—hence the art of preservation. Aliko's crisp narrative and delicate artwork never veer toward necrology; her interest is in the living past, and her guidebook flatters both the child who receives it and the giver who puts it under the pyramid-shaped tree.

The very young would do well to try a simpler volume, **Ancient Egyptian Design Coloring Book** (Dover; \$1.50) by Ed Sibbett Jr. The motifs of cobra-goddesses, scarabs and animal deities are outlined with precision, and hints about traditional hues (red skin for men, yellow for women) can



Hummingbirds from *Hosie's Aviary* by Leonard Baskin



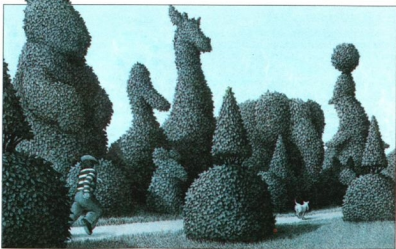
Mummies Made in Egypt by Aliko

make anyone who owns a box of crayons into a high-chair archaeologist.

Twice upon a time there was a writer and illustrator named Uri Shulevitz. When he illustrated **The Lost Kingdom of Karnica** (Scribner; \$8.95) he amplified Richard Kennedy's tale with a subtle palette. It creates a kingdom where everything is bounteous—until a farmer discovers a strange red stone. The nation's wise man warns that the stone is the heart of Karnica: "If we remove it, the kingdom will die." But in such stories, the rulers never listen, giving the author an opportunity to draw a powerful moral about conservation. It is no accident that Sierra Club Books is a co-publisher.

In **The Treasure** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$7.95), Shulevitz speaks in his own voice to tell the story of old Isaac who dreams of a treasure far away, near the royal residence. The poor man has no ambition to play the palace, but his hunger for riches leads him on, only to prove that travel is narrowing and that no one can become truly rich until he looks into his hearth and soul. The back-in-your-own-backyard conclusion is timeworn, but the book's slow cadences and sprightly tones lend it the character of a legend that can never grow old because it was never young.

When a child wonders about size—



Mysterious topiary animals from the haunting *Garden of Abdul Gasazi* by Chris Van Allsburg

Am I big for my age? Or too small? Will I always be short? Or too tall?—there can be no more elegant and reassuring self-help book than Karla Kuskin's **Herbert Hated Being Small** (Houghton Mifflin; \$6.95). Herbert gauges his mini-stature by standing next to his parents, always a mistake. Depressed, he sets out on his own. So does Phil-o-mel, who feels humongous next to her little family. But when boy and girl meet in the woods, they discover that they are the same size. Everything is relative, observes this cascade of wise rhymes. Einstein would have been pleased.

M.B. Goffstein's **Natural History** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$6.95) gives children another kind of reassurance. The terse text and light watercolors examine a little ball called the planet earth, then move closer to watch the interdependence of animals and humans. It manages to touch lightly on all aspects of life, from war and poverty to square meals and love. Goffstein is a minimalist, but her text and pictures carry the same emotional freight as William Blake's admonishment to see the world in a grain of sand and eternity in an hour.

"The little blue heron swallowed the moon," says **Hosie's Aviary** (Viking; \$10). The exaggeration is permissible; the paintings are by Leonard Baskin, and the highly charged text is by his children, Tobias, Lucretia and Hosie, and his wife Lisa. All of them are manifestly dazed by the artwork. With good reason. A renowned graphic artist and sculptor, Baskin Sr. limns a whole aviary of familiar birds. But his subjects' eyes seem to burn through the pages, and the rendering of their beaks and feathers makes even the common robin and crow seem birds of paradise.

Like the Pied Piper, Arnold Lobel has a vast, uncountable following of children. But unlike the Piper's troops, Lobel's keep

reappearing and asking for more. He has responded with scores of books, and this season he presents **Days with Frog and Toad** (Harper & Row; \$3.95), five short stories that teach the value of friendship, as well as the delights of working, loafing and being alone. Anthropomorphism is Lobel's strength: all of his creatures appear to be good-natured humans in animal suits. In **Tales of Oliver Pig** (Dial; \$5.89) he illustrates Jean Van Leeuwen's prose with a family of pigs whose siblings squabble, whose mother has bouts of sadness and whose father can be arbitrary as well as forgiving. A bit ham-handed, but certain to be hogged by parents and children who know why Aesop told human truths with a cast of animals.

The year's most perverse children's book is Raymond Briggs' **Fungus the Bogeyman** (Random House; \$4.95). Fungus is free to do what kids cannot: live underground, put grease in his hair, make things go bump in the night and in general be a grain of sand in the public eye. His adventures cover oversized pages full of puns ("Hullo, my dreary," "my di-reeling") and bile green anatomy charts that provide a perfect send-up for the child who has ODed on gnomes and fairies.

The Peacock Party (Viking; \$7.95), by Alan Aldridge with Harry Willcock and George E. Ryder, is the season's most demanding work. The rhymes vary from one-syllable words to items like *apogee* and *collation*—an invitation to learning,

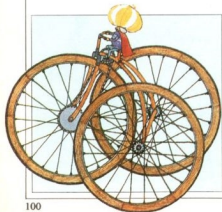
but also to mystification. The illustrations are something else: portraits of the animal kingdom as seen by the surrealist eye and rendered by the *quattrocento* hand. Long after the Peacock poetry is memorized or forgotten, the pictures will detonate in the mind, like the bizarre conceits of John Tenniel for the Alice books.

The spirit of Tenniel also hovers over **Frogs and the Ballet** (Gambit; \$9.95). Ever since Disney presented a group of pirouetting alligators in *Fantasia*, reptiles have been as comfortable onstage as they are in the swamp. The Muppets are further evidence, bolstered by Donald Elliott's informative guidebook and Clinton Arrowood's corps d'amphibians. In fact, the text is a straightforward introduction to the dance. But somehow, when the steps are illustrated by frogs in tutus and tights, an air of lunacy pervades the proceedings and the young reader is suddenly an attendant at the wedding of comedy and art.

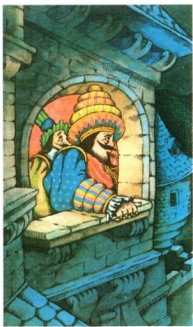
All of these bright volumes have their share of chills and favors, and the giver may wonder whether sentences might occasionally be too advanced or pictures a bit demanding. Stop worrying. This season, as always, it is well to heed the dictum of Ogden Nash:

Oh, what a tangled web do parents weave
When they think that their children are naive.

—Stefan Kanfer



Above: pop-up *Children's Theatre*; left: Anno's *The King's Flower*; right: Shuevitz's illustration for *The Lost Kingdom of Karnica*



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Religion



Bearded Metropolitan Filaret swinging censer during Eucharist in Kiev cathedral

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Churches are full in the U.S.S.R.'s spiritual heartland

Ever since Christianity first reached it 1,100 years ago, the Ukraine has been strongly religious. Located southwest of Moscow, the region, with a population of 50 million, is agriculturally rich and deeply nationalist. In the 1930s Stalin all but crushed the autonomous Ukrainian Orthodox Church and in 1946 expunged Eastern-rite Roman Catholicism in favor of the more easily controlled Russian Orthodox Church. Even so, the Ukraine by official count still has 4,000 of the 11,000 Orthodox churches now open in the U.S.S.R.—only a fraction of the 53,000 churches in Russia before 1917. Protestant Ukrainians have been active since the early 1960s in a Baptist reform movement against state control. Half the reported 10,000 Soviet Protestants demanding emigration because of religious repression live in the Ukraine. This fall TIME Moscow Bureau Chief Bruce Nolan, with two other reporters, toured the Ukraine. Though the itinerary was controlled, the officials did not monitor actual interviews. Nolan's report:

they can hardly cross themselves. At their feet, small children kneel. The congregation is elderly as usual, but at least a quarter seem to be young or middle-aged. The chanting and the choir, the incense, the smell of wax, the glow and reflection from hundreds of candles, the sheer body heat slowly become hypnotic. In one corner of the railing is a young woman in an expensive tailored suit, eyes closed, face pale, arms at her sides. She stands rigidly, not seeming to breathe.

Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev, who presided, later explains in his elegant headquarters residence that the surviving 4,000 churches are "more or less enough," despite the overflow visible at the cathedral. Parish priests, he adds, get a minimum of 150 rubles (\$225) a month, often more, and usually a free, furnished apartment, sufficient to enable them to get by comfortably in the Soviet Union.

There are no Eastern-rite Catholic parishes left, the Metropolitan says. Despite reports in the West of 300 to 500 underground clergy, only "old priests and a few people" are left. Surprisingly, he declares that "the Soviet state is not an atheistic state. It consists of believers and non-believers. There are periods of strong antireligious propaganda and others of less."

The most affecting Orthodox display is in Oster, a 1,000-year-old town some 70 miles from Kiev. This is the diocese where Prince Vladimir proclaimed Christianity the state religion in A.D. 989. The bells of the Byzantine Church of the Resurrection are ringing. There is a red carpet. People offer flowers. Father Vladimir Shtepa, apologizing for his parish's

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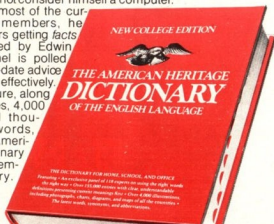
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Religion

lack of important icons, says: "The people are our treasure." The 5,000 parishioners are mostly farmers and seem old, though again some 30% are young. Shtepa professes a religious relativism: "The main principle of Christianity and Marxism is the same. Believers try to enter the kingdom of God, and Marxists strive for true Communism. The bright future for man and the kingdom of God—aren't they the same?"

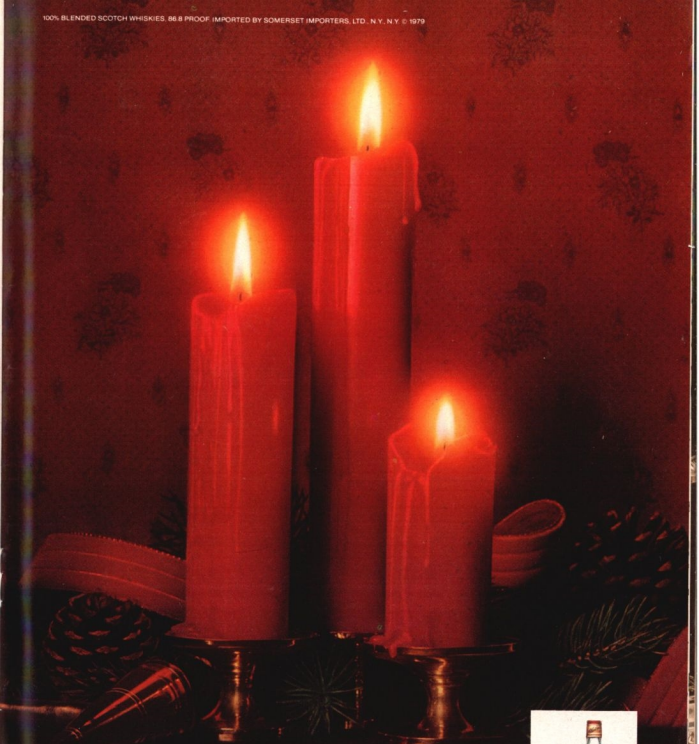
In the assembly hall of the seminary in Odessa, portraits of metropolitans and archbishops on one wall stare at portraits of Politburo members facing them from the wall opposite. Copies of *Pravda* and *Izvestiya* are posted on bulletin boards, but the library has 25,000 theological works. Rector Alexander Khavchenko says there are 90 to 120 applications for 60 entering places each year, but the graduating class is the same size as in 1913. He does not mention that this is one of only three seminaries left nationwide. Before the Revolution, for a much smaller population, there were 57.

What Orthodox priests feel personally no doubt varies, but they clearly know the rules. Says Igor Sokolov, the Council for Religious Affairs spokesman on the tour: "The Orthodox Church is completely loyal to the state. It is good that its priests go to a seminary where they see the relationship clearly—the archbishops on one wall and the Soviet leaders on the other. Without this training, priests might be uneducated village people, perhaps fanatics. It is better this way."

From this sophisticated state point of view, seminaries can be useful—if properly supervised. That may explain why the Soviet Baptists are supposed to get a seminary soon, their first since 1928. The Baptist faith, the main Protestant group, was often persecuted by the Czars because of Orthodox dominance so that when Lenin suppressed Orthodoxy after the Revolution, he was at first lenient with Baptists. But since the late 1920s Baptists have not fared well. They number 200,000 in the Ukraine, about half the official total in the U.S.S.R.

The tidy Baptist prayer house in Irpen, a rural farming town, has no shortage of preachers or of listeners for a harvest festival; there are eight speakers. When the congregation of 300 lifts its collective voice in a Ukrainian gospel song, the balalaikas and violins are drowned out and the walls seem to vibrate.

The evening congregation in Kiev's Central Baptist Church wears confined clothes, and the singing is more sedate. The more than 450 worshippers, too many for the building to hold, overflow outside, getting the word through a loudspeaker that echoes down the street. Pastor Yakov Dukhonenko is Ukrainian senior presbyter for the government-recognized All-Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists, those Soviet Protestants who have chosen to accept state regula-



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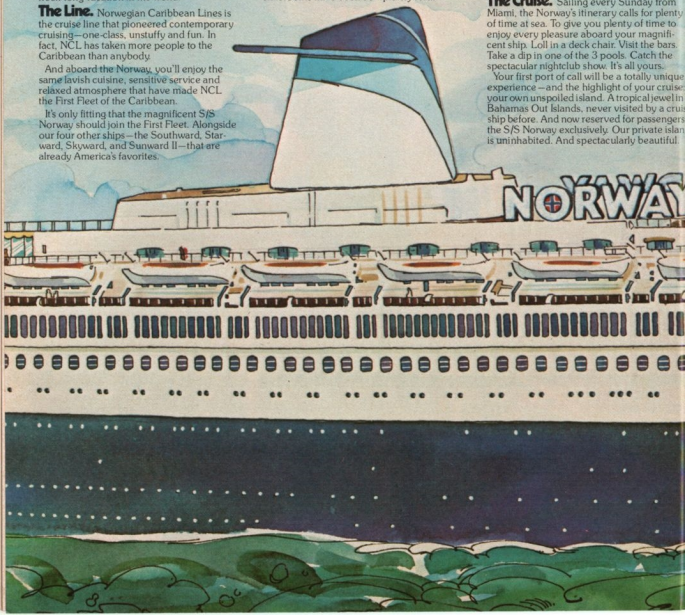
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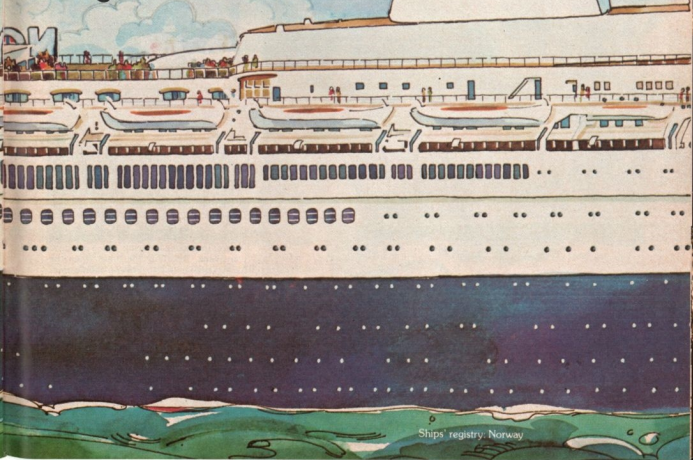
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Religion

tion. This makes him a rival of Georgi Vins, a leader of the reform Baptists, who was stripped of citizenship and exiled to the U.S. this year in a prisoner exchange. Says Dukhonchenko: "Georgi Vins said it was impossible to evangelize, but the churches function freely and can preach the Gospel. We baptize publicly, in open water." But to reform Baptists like Vins, evangelism means freedom to preach outside church walls and, especially, to instruct children in the faith.

Dissenters reject all state control, including government-required registration. But one Protestant reports 200 Baptist or Pentecostal congregations have been registered in the U.S.S.R. over the past five years, about half of them Ukrai-



Orthodox seminarians at lunch in Odessa. Priests on one wall, Politburo on the other.

nian. Dukhonchenko reckons there are only about 8,000 reformers left in Kiev, and only 18,000 across the Soviet Union.

Vins' former congregation seems to be flourishing. It has built and registered the biggest Protestant church in Kiev. Sunday attendance runs from 500 to 1,000. The congregation remains independent of the still suspect All-Union Council. A handful of parishioners are cleaning the church when our sleek black limousine arrives. It leads them to decide not to say who their leaders are, though they admit that all members who were imprisoned during the Vins days are back. Recalling the times when the congregation had to worship clandestinely in the woods beyond the city, an old woman remarks, "Our services were often disturbed." Even now, a man adds, "Sometimes at night windows are broken." There have also been two small fires in the church.

"We are the real Baptists," a man says softly. How so? "Ask our leaders," comes the reply. Where are they? "I don't know." There is a pause. "You won't get the right story from the official Baptists," he says finally. "Mixing church and state is a sin."

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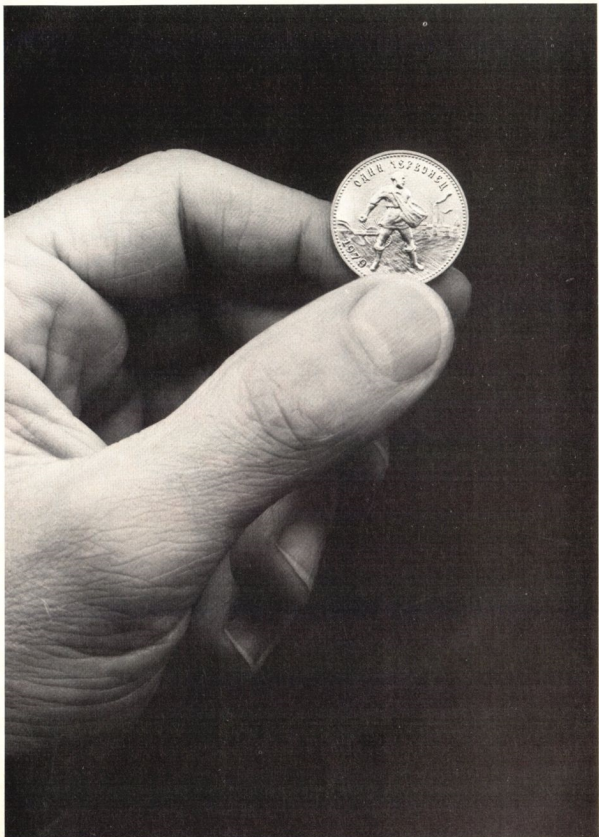


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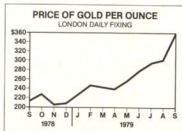
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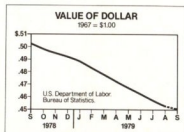
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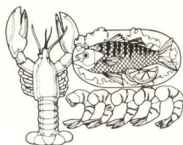
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Environment



Father and son head out to revived Lake Ontario fishing grounds from Bronte, Ont.

Comeback for the Great Lakes

After decades of abuse, they are getting cleaner

Lake Erie is a dead lake. Save the rest of the Great Lakes." So went the environmentalists' plaint during the 1960s. Lake Erie was not, in fact, quite dead, but it was suffering from a variety of serious disorders, including a seemingly unchecked algae growth that, like a fast-spreading cancer, was choking off the other forms of life. Though the remaining four of North America's great chain of lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron and Ontario—were less diseased, they too showed symptoms of serious, man-made illness.

The Cuyahoga River, emptying into Lake Erie, was so laden with oil and debris that it twice caught fire. Masses of dead alewives washed ashore in Lake Michigan, fouling beaches. Tangles of Cladophora, a smelly freshwater seaweed, clogged other beaches. Commercial fisheries, which had long flourished on the lakes, perhaps a bit too aggressively, began closing for lack of good fish and fear of DDT and mercury contamination. Sports fishermen had largely given up on the lakes, as stocks of walleyed pike, lake trout and other game species disappeared.

The hulls of pleasure boats were discolored by discharges from the steel plants of Gary, Ind., the oil refineries of Hamilton, Ont., and the paper mills of Green Bay, Wis. Raw sewage was regularly added to the noxious brew. Said a 1970 joint U.S.-Canadian report: "Approximately one-third of the United States shoreline [on Lake Erie] is either continuously or intermittently fouled with bacterial contamination."

The growing pollution of the Great Lakes was not only an aesthetic and com-

mercial tragedy. More than 29 million Americans and 9 million Canadians (more than a third of Canada's population) live in the Great Lakes basin. The lakes contain 95% of the U.S. supply of fresh water in lakes and reservoirs and 20% of the world's; they supply drinking water for 23.5 million Americans. Clearly, something had to be done.

It was. In the past decade, international commissions have been formed, endless stacks of reports written, legislation passed, bans enforced, and billions of dollars spent on facilities to clean the waste water that was being dumped into the lakes. As a result, even environmentalists are optimistic about the future of the waters. Says G. Keith Rogers, a scientist at the Canada Center for Inland Waters: "Previously people were saying 'How can we stop the lakes from getting worse?' Now we are seriously talking about rehabilitating the lakes to their original state."

Much of the easier, partly cosmetic work has been accomplished. The globs of oil, the multicolored industrial discharges, the flotsam from shoreline cities, the fecal and bacterial wastes are no longer dumped in the lakes in vast quantities. According to the International Joint Commission, the group overseeing the U.S.-Canadian agreements to clean up the waters, more than 600 of the 864 major dischargers into the Great Lakes now meet the tough new water-quality regulations. In the past ten years U.S. and Canadian municipalities have spent more than \$5 billion to improve sewage treatment plants. Industries, often prod-

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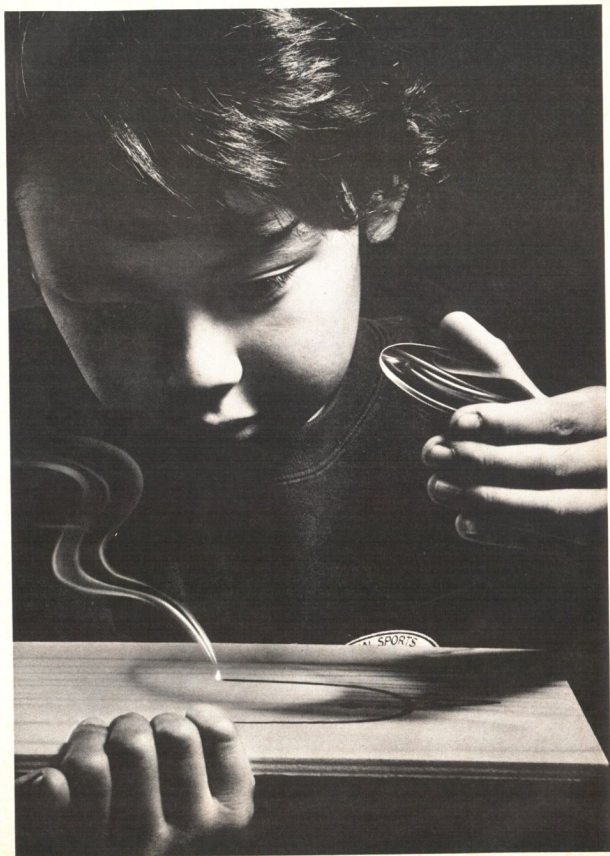
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Securing Our Energy Future

A boy with his magnifying glass, focusing the sun's rays to create *fire*, reenacts Man's endless fascination with the forces of Nature, and his inventiveness in harnessing those forces to his own purposes. Today's energy-based industrial societies have been built on progressive discoveries of new and more efficient ways to tap cheap energy resources — especially, in this century, petroleum.

But the Earth's oil reserves are finite, and increasingly costly. To sustain future world economic growth, Man will have to stretch these dwindling supplies, while developing new energy sources.

The Big Oil Guzzlers: America and Japan

Our two countries, with the world's two biggest industrial economies, are also the world's largest importers and consumers of petroleum. Together we account for 44 percent of the free world's oil consumption. Clearly, much of the responsibility for meeting the energy challenge rests with the United States and Japan.

What Japan Is Doing

Like the United States, Japan is gearing up to meet the challenge. A "Sunshine Project," started as early as 1974 to exploit practical alternative energy sources, has already made major efforts to develop new technologies for solar energy, geothermal energy, coal conversion, and hydrogen energy. And, last year, a "Moonlight Project" got underway for developing better techniques and machines for saving energy and utilizing waste heat. Studies are also being made on more efficient uses of coal, capturing the energy of ocean tides, and extracting alcohol from plant materials.

Energy Is a Global Task

Shifting the world economy away from its excessive dependence on oil, in just a few decades, will require unprecedented levels of international cooperation. Important steps were taken at the Tokyo Summit last June, where leaders of the world's seven largest industrial democracies agreed on a common strategy for reducing oil imports over the next five years. The seven's Energy Ministers, meeting in Paris last September, spelled out measures to implement this accord.

Japanese-American cooperation in science and technology has long been close and productive. Through the Japan-United States Science Committee, created in 1961, we have forged strong ties in information exchange and joint research and development. Last May the two governments signed a long-term agreement for joint projects in fusion, coal conversion (especially liquefaction) and other energy R&D.

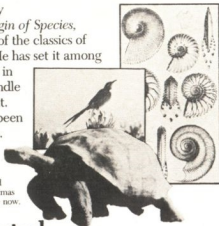
Working together to solve problems for our common future is what the Japanese-American partnership is all about. We may never face a more urgent test of our combined ingenuity than our search for a secure energy future, for ourselves and for generations yet to come.

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ded by injunctions and fines, have spent billions more.

One of the most important omens for the future of the lakes is the sharp reduction in the amount of phosphorus dumped into them. A 1972 U.S.-Canadian agreement lowered the levels of phosphates that municipalities were allowed to dump into the water, and most towns along the shores and on rivers emptying into the lakes are well on their way toward meeting those requirements. The significant exception is the city of Detroit; it continues to dump three times the permissible levels into the Detroit River, which flows into the western end of Lake Erie. One of the largest sources of the harmful phosphates was common laundry detergent, but the levels have now been lowered by law in every state and province bordering the lakes except Ohio. The result has been not only the lessening of unsightly deposits of suds along rivers and beaches, but also a slowdown of eutrophication, the nutrient-induced aging process that eventually chokes lakes with algae and other plant growth.

Even contamination from DDT, which some scientists had predicted would take hundreds of years to be washed out of the Great Lakes, is only 10% of what it was ten years ago. Says Wayland Swain, director of the EPA's Large Lakes Research Laboratory in Grosse Ile, Mich.: "Even in Lake Erie we now expect DDT to disappear completely in a rather short time. In fact, it is now difficult to find it anywhere in the lake except in the sediment."

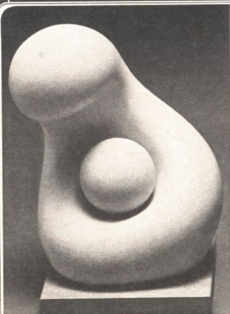
Large game fish are making a comeback. Virtually wiped out by overfishing, pollution and the eel-like sea lamprey (an ocean predator that apparently first migrated from the Hudson River into the lakes after man had opened the way with the Erie Canal, the native lake trout is again being pulled from the lakes by sports fishermen, who now can also catch coho and chinook salmon from the Pacific Ocean. Still, despite the fact that the waters are cleaner and the lamprey has been contained by a concerted attack on its breeding ground, the game fish population can be sustained only by frequent replanting. Says K.H. Loftus, of the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources: "The real criterion of the rebound of the lakes will be when the fish that were eliminated are back taking care of themselves. That's the sign of a healthy lake, but it's yet to happen except in a few very isolated localities."

Toxic substances in the lakes are now the environmentalists' major concern. The levels of such chemicals as mirex (an insecticide), PCBs and mercury are still too high to allow the resumption of commercial fishing, and Canada publishes a guide that warns sports fishermen which fish are unsafe to eat. Says Leila Botts, chairman of the Great Lakes Basin Commission:

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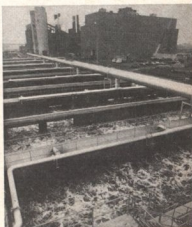
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Environment

"As we learn more about the problems of the Great Lakes, we discover that it's not as easy as it first appeared when we assumed that if we'd just get industry and the municipalities to clean up their acts, we'd have clean water. Now we've largely done that, and we discover that there are dangerous toxic substances in the lakes we didn't even know about before."

Thus the problems of the Great Lakes are not solved because the beach at Sterling State Park on Lake Erie is officially opened again for the first time since 1961, or because the Cuyahoga River, while gray and sulky looking, is relatively free from oil and jetsam, or because the water treatment plant in Chicago is having fewer taste and odor problems. Says EPA's Swain: "We still have a long way to go before we solve the problems of toxic substances. Then there is a whole series of



Treating Lake Erie—bound sewage in Detroit
Prodred by injunctions and fines.

new environmental issues." Among them: sodium from the salt used during the winter on Midwestern roads, which drains into the lakes and may be an important element in feeding the undesirable blue-green algae. Also, Congress is considering extending winter navigation on the lakes. That would benefit the U.S. steel industry and the economy of several ports. But environmentalists fear that disruption of the lakes' winter ice cover would cause damage to fish and plant life. The energy crisis has made state governments less resistant to suggestions that gas and oil explorations—with their potential for pollution—be undertaken in the Great Lakes basin. (Canada already takes natural gas from Lake Erie.)

These problems are not insoluble, but they will require a subtlety of technology and policy quite different from the massive input of dollars that cured many of the lakes' ills during the 1970s. "Basically I'm optimistic," says Robert Boden of the EPA's Great Lakes National Program Office. "We are reaching a state of fine-tuning of the Great Lakes ecosystem." And that's definitely progress. ■



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Virtuosity in Shabby Dress

A new Met production gives Berlin's Kurt Weill his due

"What do you want to become," scoffed Ferruccio Busoni at his student, "a Verdi of the poor?" Replied Kurt Weill: "Would that be so bad?" Good or bad, it was not far off the mark. In the German musical scene of the 1920s, Weill emerged along with Paul Hindemith and Ernst Krenek as a leading operatic experimenter. He tried to recast traditional opera as a vital folk theater that would speak to the masses. Simplicity and comprehensibility were his bywords. He composed in the acid strokes of Berlin's satirical cabarets and the angular accents of dance music and jazz—"the rhythm of our time." As collaborators, he sought out the boldest insurgent playwrights of the day, notably the young Bertolt Brecht. The result was a series of memorable theater works—sparse, bittersweet, haunting, utterly original.

Forced into exile by the onset of Nazism, Weill took surprisingly well to more commercial surroundings in the U.S. "If there will ever be anything like an American opera," he announced in 1937, "it is bound to come out of Broadway." He turned to writing such shows as *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938), *Lady in the Dark* (1941) and *Street Scene* (1947). But he may have succeeded too well in fashioning a popular, accessible style. At his death in 1950, he was mourned mostly as a brilliant Broadway tunesmith, the composer of *September Song*. Even after off-Broadway's smash 1954 revival of the Brecht-Weill triumph from the Berlin years, *The Threepenny Opera*—featuring Weill's widow Lotte Lenya—people were all too ready to believe that, in every detail down to the melody of *Mack the Knife*, Weill had merely filled in Brecht's outlines.

Now the lesser-known Weill, and especially the Berlin Weill, is beginning to get his due. In *Kurt Weill in Europe*, a pioneering study to be published this month by UMI Research Press, Musicologist Kim Kowalko demolishes the notion that Weill was a sort of musical valet to Brecht, and builds a case for him as "the greatest composer active in modern theater." The New York City Opera, which already has *Street Scene* in its repertory, plans a spring production of *The Silver Lake* (1933), Weill's setting of a drama by German Expressionist Georg Kaiser. This week Weill's *Symphony No. 2* (1934), his richest instrumental work, will get a rare New York hearing

in a concert by the American Symphony Orchestra. Also this week, PBS's *Live from the Met* will broadcast the Metropolitan Opera's new production of what is probably the masterpiece of the Brecht-Weill collaboration, *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* (1930).

Mahagonny is a bleak, biting allegory of capitalist debauchery. Somewhere near a mythical Gold Coast between Flor-

as if let out of school. Sopranos strut as tough hookers; the scaled-down orchestra sports saxophones and syncopated cymbals. Met Music Director James Levine conducts with idiomatic verve. In the principal roles, Tenor Richard Cassilly is a virile, slightly husky-voiced Jimmy, and Soprano Teresa Stratas gives a fierce, ringing portrayal of Jenny, the prostitute with whom he has a bruised romance.

John Dexter's staging, in its drab authenticity, is stuck with elements that have become clichés of modern theater—the billboarded texts between scenes, the performers made up as gaunt George Grosz caricatures. It cannot help under-

lining what seems dated and crudely didactic in Brecht's libretto. When the city collapses into anarchy in the grand choral finale, Dexter marches placard-bearing performers up the aisles of the Met to remind us, apparently, that we are all citizens of *Mahagonny*. It is a point that goes without saying—and should have.

"The intellectual bearing of this music," Weill once wrote in defense of his deceptively simple style, "is thoroughly serious, bitter, accusing and, in the most pleasant cases, still ironic." In *Mahagonny*, it is a good bit more besides. The low-down, choppy episodes constitute sheer operatic virtuosity in shabby dress, including a full range of arias, recitatives, ensembles and massed choruses. If the music never bursts into full flood, the reason is that Weill set himself so sternly against the pumped-up passions of the late romantic style he grew up with. If it never carries along the narrative, the reason is that he rigorously segregated it from the dialogue scenes. Under the influence of neoclassic works like Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, he sought a formal, static structure in which the music would stand apart as an objective comment on the action.

The man who could compose *Mahagonny* was far more than a tunesmith. But then, so was the man who could compose *Street Scene*.

The point of doing justice to the Berlin Weill is not to raise him above the Broadway Weill, but to acknowledge the consistency that connects them both. Weill's innovative craftsmanship and distinctive flavor left their mark on Rodgers and Hammerstein and Lerner and Loewe; and the distance is not far from *Street Scene* to *West Side Story*. Schoenberg disdainfully preferred Franz Lehár. With the advantage of a fuller view and of productions like the Met's *Mahagonny*, this generation may come closer to Hindemith's verdict: "Weill a small composer? No, at his best a perfect one."

—Christopher Porterfield



Soprano Teresa Stratas as the prostitute Jenny in *Mahagonny*. The unpardonable crime in paradise: running out of cash.

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The Met company, giving the first performance in its history of a Weill work, plunges into the unaccustomed material

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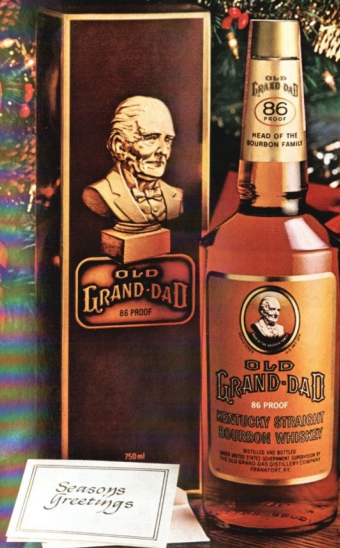
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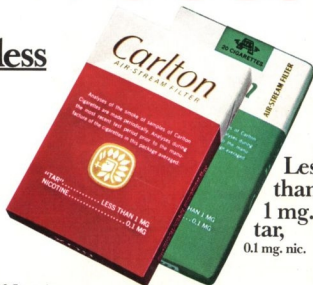
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